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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. J.—We cannot recommend one bookseller in preference to another, except in those rare instances where a bookseller devotes himself to some special branch. For the foreign books, you cannot do better than apply to Mr. Quaritch, Castle-street, Leicester-square.
DEVON.—Lord Castlereagh committed suicide on the 12th of August 1822.
PHILOGISTON.—Lavoisier was guillotined at Paris on the 8th of May 1794.

THE CRITIC,
London Literary Journal.

TO OUR READERS.

NEXT Saturday, the 5th of June, the first weekly issue of the CRITIC will appear, accompanied by a portrait, autograph, and biographical sketch of WILKIE COLLINS. The second portrait of the series (which will accompany the first number in July) will be JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, A.R.A.; and the third (to accompany the first number in August), the Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE.
In consequence of representations made to us by a large number of subscribers, it has been decided to make no difference in the size of the type from that in use heretofore.

THE LITERARY WORLD:
ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THAT vast, restless, brilliant and joyous stream of events which we yearly generalise under the term "The Season," is now in the fulness of its tide. May is ended, Parliament is up for the holidays, and London is filled with those annual visitors who come to plunge into its gaieties once a-year, and get rid of a little redundant health and a great deal of superfluous cash. The picture exhibitions are open, and are thronged with dense masses of admirers and purchasers; "Ruskin" in one hand and the "catalogue" in the other, our country cousins make the inconvenient saloons of the Academy their morning lounge, and fall into original or borrowed raptures, according to the originality or imitativeness of their minds. The Operas are open, and their frequenters are divided between feelings of admiration at the completeness of Mr. LUMLEY's arrangements and of disappointment at the unsatisfactory state of things at "the other house." Every concert-room resounds with notes, vocal and instrumental, of every variety of shade and every grade of excellence. The flower-shows have begun their seasonable festivities, and both Chiswick and the Crystal Palace have led the way:

Ver pingit vario gemmantia prata colore.

Even the "Isthmian games" proper to the season have but just past, and to the excitement inseparable from the event has just been added the disappointed hope that the Premier of England would win that prize which he is understood to covet more than wealth, more than rank, even more than Premiership. But it was in vain—in vain did the prophets of our sporting contemporaries quote "Toxophilite" at the head of the betting list. If we may be allowed to levy another contribution upon the ancients:

Μάντις δ' ἀρίστος ὅστις ἰκάζει καλῶς,

Only this time no guesser but that for the Field (who placed "Toxophilite" first and "Beadsman" second) came anywhere near the truth. To sum up the season in a phrase,—London is enjoying itself, and all England that has money to spend, if not to spare, has come up to aid her in the task.

The Royal Society will soon be without a president, for Lord WROTTESELEY has announced his intention of resigning the chair at the expiration of the current year of office. It is said that the Fellows are in a quandary whom to choose. Why need they be so? Surely they have a glorious opportunity for wiping off that reproach to which we referred when we published a memoir of that noble corporation in these columns. Why not cast away the courtly vice of appointing only noblemen by hereditary title to preside over them, and set a nobleman by scientific title in the chair of WREN, NEWTON, and DAVY? Have they not FARADAY, the pupil of the last, and one of the greatest chemists of the world? Have they not OWEN, the English CUVIER? Let the Fellows up like men, and wipe off the stain of flunkeyism from their escutcheon; proclaiming to the world

that precedence in science alone entitles a man to preside over the Royal Society.

A dark and terrible fact has been acted in the Bois de Vesinet, near Versailles, in the empire of France. A young journalist, by name M. DE PÈNE, wrote a very harmless joke and printed it in *Figaro*, a sort of emasculated *Punch à la Française*. The joke was at the expense of the sub-lieutenants of the army, twitting them, in no malicious terms, about their habits in society, their tearing of ladies' dresses with their spurs, and their ravages among the refreshments. The consequence of this simple joke was—a number of challenges to mortal combat. Strange as it may appear to persons of our peaceful habits, the principles of French society compelled M. DE PÈNE to accept one of these cartels, and accordingly he went forth to fight M. COURTEIL, one of the challenging sub-lieutenants. When they met, there were more than thirty French officers upon the ground. The combatants crossed swords, and the civilian wounded the *militaire* slightly in the arm. So far, what are called the laws of honour might have been supposed to be satisfied; but whilst M. DE PÈNE was yet warm with the exertions of his combat, the second of his late antagonists, a man named HYÈNE, stepped forward, and challenged him to fight again. To this the seconds of M. DE PÈNE demurred, upon the reasonable grounds that their principal could not be expected to run the gauntlet of the whole French army. Determined to carry out his purpose, HYÈNE sprang forward, and dealt M. DE PÈNE a blow upon the cheek; upon which, swords were crossed at once, and after a few passes, HYÈNE deliberately ran the young journalist twice through the body. It subsequently turns out that HYÈNE is not a young man (as his rank would seem to imply), but a man of forty-five years old, who has served in the army for some time, and has been fencing-master to his regiment. It also appears that the other thirty officers upon the ground had come there with the intention of fighting M. DE PÈNE one after another until one of them had executed that which was so successfully effected by Sub-Lieutenant HYÈNE. M. DE PÈNE is now at death's door; though he still lingers, it is in agony, and but little hopes are entertained of his recovery. So far as the feelings of the French army can be ascertained, they have adopted the action which took place in the Bois Vesinet. Forty of its officers, quartered in Saint Germain, marched in full uniform to the office of a newspaper there, for the purpose of telling the editor that "they requested and, in case of need, required" him to insert their unqualified approbation of that action. According to the manifesto of these officers, M. DE PÈNE's insult was to a class, and not to an individual, and was avenged accordingly. Justice has been appealed to in this matter, but she halts: nothing has as yet been done, and HYÈNE is at large, ready to avenge the honour of the army with the same practised skill. People in France entertain very strong opinions about these facts, and a great deal is said about them which is not very flattering either to the French army or to the power that directs it; but as there are many people in this country who not only hold that power in admiration, but profess to believe that an army is the best controlling guide for France, we will refrain from repeating these opinions.

The first leading article in the *Times* of Thursday was occupied with an appeal to the public charity of this nation on behalf of Monsieur ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE, poet in the Empire of France, and ex-President of the Provisional Government of 1848. In the absence of any statement to the effect that M. DE LAMARTINE is borne down by the weight of age, disease, or unmerited misfortune, we naturally seek for his title to come upon a fund for which there are already so many and urgent claimants. The claims urged by the writer in the *Times* are these: that he is one of "the surviving literary and political notabilities of the reign of LOUIS PHILIPPE, and of the brief republican interregnum that followed;" that he is "an elegant poet, a striking and graphic historian, a traveller, &c.;" that it is to "his courage and eloquence we owe it that the ominous red flag was not adopted as the emblem of the revolution;" that his "delicate mental structure" causes him to "compete with signal disadvantage with coarse and hard men of the world;" finally, that "France, that owes him so much, has paid him so little, looks on and makes no

sign." Now, we will venture to say that a more extraordinary mixture of misapprehension and mis-statement than the foregoing never insulted the judgment of even a *Times*-confiding public. That DE LAMARTINE has acquired literary celebrity is the only statement which has the faintest scintilla of truth to animate it. But so, also, did CHATEAUBRIAND, VICTOR HUGO, and many more illustrious men. Yet who ever heard that they went begging, upon the miserable pretence that their delicate mental structures rendered them incapable of buffeting with the world? As for the statement that it was to his courage and eloquence that the red flag was not adopted as the emblem of the last revolution, the writer cannot have read M. LOUIS BLANC's late work; for there it is proved, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that M. DE LAMARTINE had nothing whatever to do with the matter. Finally, as to the assertion that France has done nothing to relieve M. DE LAMARTINE, setting aside the fact that France has not withheld the largest and most liberal measure of her patronage to every production of her gifted son, is it possible that the writer can be ignorant that this is not the first time that that son has begged of his fellow-countrymen, nor the first time that they have liberally responded to his appeal? At this very time the French subscription in aid of the distressed poet is announced at more than 8000*l*. But in order that our readers may the better appreciate the true state of the case, and save their money for some more deserving object, we shall take the liberty of recapitulating a few of the leading facts in M. DE LAMARTINE's life. Born of a family possessed of some landed property, M. DE LAMARTINE succeeded to the paternal acres, and, in addition, to a considerable inheritance left him by an uncle. His education completed, he was launched, under the most favourable auspices, into the diplomatic world, and was for sometime *chargé d'affaires* at Florence. All this time, his earlier works found an enormous sale, and M. DE LAMARTINE did not deny himself any of the pleasures of unbounded wealth. He lived the life of a prince; his hotel was magnificent; his equipage was one of the most splendid in Paris (this was always one of the small manifestations of his vanity); and upon his journey to the East he lavished not less than 20,000*l*. Interminable expenses, with a very terminable fortune, lead but to one result: LAMARTINE was at the end of his purse. Not so of his wits, however. He wrote the "Girondins," carried them to LOUIS PHILIPPE, and presented them, like an infernal machine, at the head of the elected monarch. "Money, or an apology for the Terrorists!" was the cry of the poet; and as LOUIS PHILIPPE proved upon this, as upon every other occasion, that he valued money above all things, the most poetical and least historical piece of history that ever was written appeared, and filled the pockets of its author. But the "Girondins" did more to hasten the catastrophe of 1848 than anything else. For the part which he played in the moment of anarchical confusion he is certainly deserving of credit, but not of more than the rest of his colleagues. Indeed he seems more than any of them to have been infected with the poison of ambition. Shortly before the revolution he had again fallen into pecuniary difficulties, and, after disposing of his paternal acres to pay his debts, had made such an outcry about doing so, that a number of his admirers subscribed the money necessary to restore them to him. After his retirement into private life embarrassment again beset him, and this time "Mes Confidences," which was, as it were, a disclosure of his inner life, was designed to fill the gap. Once more the paternal acres were alienated, once more the fact was paraded, and once more a subscription was set on foot for the purpose of reinstating the poet. It should be noted that, all this while, the same boundless extravagance, the same heedlessness as to the value of money when he had it to spend, were the sole causes of his misfortune. LAMARTINE is, in fact, the SKIMPOLÉ of France, and, like his prototype, his besetting sins are unbounded vanity and unbounded egotism. Lately there have been rumours of fresh difficulties abroad, and the prospectus of a scheme appeared, which appeared to be only one degree removed from unmitigated begging. M. DE LAMARTINE was to publish a "Cours de Littérature" in parts, and the subscribers (appealed to on the ground of the poet's difficulties) were to pay a considerable sum in advance. This failed, and now the plain, unvarnished appeal is once more resorted to; the

that is going round, and every man's mite is welcome. Imperialist, republican, legitimist, or monarchist, every man's *obolus* is welcome to BELISARIUS. Is this, we ask our countrymen—is this a fit object for their charity? Here, in the very same copy of the *Times* which contains the recommendation to subscribe, are some three full columns of advertisements stating a variety of channels in which well-meant charity may be applied; and we will be bound for it that the least deserving of these is more so than the case of M. DE LA MARTINE.

The University of Dublin has had a quarrel with the press of that city, more suited to the spirit of those dark ages when publicity was regarded as synonymous with infamy than of the present day. It appears that some of the junior Fellows of the university, having reason to be discontented with the abuses of a system which handed over an undue share of the revenue to the Provost and older dons, wrote a letter to the *Dublin papers* complaining of them. This drew upon them the vengeance of those whom they accused, for they received a public censure, as a first step towards expulsion. This, however, proved ineffectual to stop the complaints of the junior fellows, for an article on the same subject made its appearance in the *Dublin University Magazine*, in spite of the endeavours of the dons to prevent its publication. It is asserted that they even went so far as to attempt pressure upon the editor, in order to stay the much-dreaded article. Failing in this, they next turned upon the publishers, who happened also to be publishers of the *University Magazine*, the organ of the older and more Conservative part of the body. Being thus liable to "the screw," Messrs. HODGES and SMITH were informed that they must either discard the one magazine or the other; and the consequence was an advertisement in the *Dublin papers*, to the effect that "in consequence of the article on Trinity College," these publishers had severed their connection with the *Dublin University Magazine*, and had ceased to be its publishers. If the dignitaries of Trinity College hope by such tactics as these to stifle inquiry and complaint, they will find themselves grievously mistaken. Oppression of this kind is always met with resistance; and when it is exercised on behalf of a corrupt abuse, it becomes especially intolerable. The *Dublin University Magazine* will soon find a publisher who can afford to be careless about the anger of the Trinity College magnates; and the affair has now obtained sufficient publicity to warrant some Irish member in directing the House of Commons to the subject.

It is not unlikely, however, that the dispute may come to an issue even before it is submitted to the House of Commons. The Visitation of Trinity College is now being held under the presidency of Vice-Chancellor BLACKBURN, and the junior fellows are taking the opportunity of submitting their grievances to that tribunal. The inquiry is now pending. What the nature of the charges brought against the senior fellows is, may be gathered from the following statement in writing put in by Dr. SHAW on behalf of the junior fellows:

My allegation is that the proportion of fees on higher degrees, as published by the board in 1791 and 1801, has been altered so as to give to the provost and senior fellows amounts formerly given to Trinity College. In bringing this charge I think it right to add that I make no personal imputation against the existing members of the board. I further allege that the statute enacts that sub-lecturers shall be provided to lecture in each of the four classes, and that for the present year the board have only appointed two.

No man is more difficult to deal with than he who abounds in general accusations. Refusing to specify, he can never be pinned down to definite assertion, and whenever you think that you have driven him inextricably into the corner of untruth, then is he most certain to escape behind a fog of uncertainties. If we could only tell what Mr. DISRAELI meant by the following passages in his brilliant speech at Slough on Wednesday, something might possibly be done in the way of reply: at present, all is enigmatical as the riddle of the Sphinx. "They have succeeded," said he (referring to the Cambridge House party), "in doing that which no cabal in modern times, I am proud to say, has yet succeeded in accomplishing; they have in a great degree corrupted the once pure and independent press of England. Innocent people in the country who look to the leading articles in the newspapers for advice and direc-

tion—who look to what are called leading organs to be the guardians of their privileges and the directors of their political consciences—are not the least aware, because this sort of knowledge travels slowly, that leading organs now are place-hunters of the cabal, and that the once stern guardians of popular rights simper in the enervating atmosphere of gilded saloons. Yes, gentlemen, it is too true that the shepherds who were once the guardians of the flock are now in league with the wolves!" If Mr. DISRAELI can prove that this corrupt influence has been brought to bear upon the press, why does he not do so? It needs but expose the sin to render its operation perfectly harmless. We have heard a great deal about leading-article writers in the *Times* being silenced with places, and with zealous journalists being rewarded with crumbs from the Government table. We have even heard of the incorruptible editor of the most incorruptible of Liberal papers, selling his political soul for a pair of slippers worked by the fair hand of Lady PALMERSTON. If these stories be true, why do not those who are interested in exposing such practices prove the accusation? All that we can say is, that if journalists have not accepted Government bribes—and the absence of proof affords a strong presumption in their favour—they are the only class of public men who have resisted the influences of corruption. We are afraid that not even the followers of Mr. DISRAELI himself could prove as much in their own favour.

The case of "*Napier v. Grant*," now hearing before Sir W. P. WOOD, V.C., is of interest to all who wish to understand our very uncertain Law of Copyright. The point turns, as many of our readers are doubtless aware, upon the identity of certain passages in the "*Life of Montrose*," written by Mr. JAMES GRANT (hitherto known as a novelist of reputation, and as the author of "*The Romance of War*," &c.), with parts of Mr. NAPIER's works on the same subject. On behalf of the plaintiff, it is urged that, in 1838, he obtained from Lord NAPIER possession of various family documents relative to MONTROSE, which he used as the foundation of his work, "*Montrose and the Covenanters*." In 1845, having obtained other private documents, he published a second work, called "*The Life and Times of Montrose*," and in 1848 and 1850, under the auspices of the Maitland Club, he published a third work, entitled "*Memorials of Montrose and his Times*," with additional information from various unpublished and original documents. In 1856 the plaintiff published a fourth work in two volumes, both in Edinburgh and London, entitled "*Memoirs of the Marquis of Montrose*," containing the original information of the previous works in an epitomised and digested form, and also new matter. It appeared that in 1852 the defendant, Mr. GRANT, negotiated with Messrs. INGRAM and COOKE to write a life, with illustrations, of MONTROSE. But this fell through, and Messrs. ROUTLEDGE subsequently purchased the MS., and published it as "*The Memoirs of James Marquis of Montrose, K.G., Captain-General of Scotland*." It was alleged that this work was entirely taken from the works of the plaintiff, and had no claim to originality, and that as no life had ever been published previously to the plaintiff's in 1838 (with the exception of Bishop WISHART's contemporary history in Latin, and various translations), it would have been impossible for the defendant to have written his book unless he had taken all the material facts from the plaintiff's works. It was also urged on behalf of the plaintiff, that although in a few trifling instances the defendant had cited "*The Memorials*" published for the Maitland Club in 1848-50, yet he had used the work of 1856 as his guide to the "*Memorials*," and this without the slightest acknowledgment. How the Vice-Chancellor will settle this knotty point it is impossible to predict; but from the course which the arguments have clearly taken, it is probable that an issue at law will have to be tried before equity can undertake to give an opinion, and the most likely result will be (whatever may be the decision of the court) that both these authors will discover that these experimental inquiries into copyright law are very costly to both parties. The only amusing consequence of this difference between two really useful citizens of the literary republic is the following letter, which has appeared in the public prints:

Sir,—Finding from letters which I have received, that an impression prevails to some extent that I am the "*James Grant*" who appeared as defendant in the case *Napier v. Grant*, which was under consi-

deration in Vice-Chancellor Wood's Court on Wednesday, and which was reported in the *Times* of yesterday, would you do me the favour to allow me to state that I am not the "*James Grant*" who wrote the "*Life of Montrose*," the work referred to in the report? As I am not only the author of many works on general literature, but had my last two volumes brought out under the bibliopolic auspices of Messrs. Routledge and Co., the publishers of the "*Life of Montrose*," nothing could be more natural than that I should, under the circumstances, be confounded with my namesake, the author of the work in question.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JAMES GRANT,

Author of "*The Great Metropolis*," &c.

97, Guildford-street, Russell-square, May 27.

Whoever these mysterious persons may be, among whom the impression "prevails to some extent," no one at all acquainted with the literature of his country could ever have dreamt of confounding Mr. JAMES GRANT, the author of "*The Romance of War*," and other really well-written works, with the hero of "*Auctor Priapicus*," and the author of the "*Rambles through Continental Countries*," &c.

Another curious illustration of the Copyright law is supplied by a letter, in which Mrs. JAMESON complains of the use made of one of her works. The following are the facts, as stated in abbreviated passages in her letter:—

A short time ago my attention was drawn to Mr. Murray's list of new books, in which a little work of mine, the "*Memoirs of the Early Italian Painters*," was announced for publication. This little book has gone through some vicissitudes. It was originally in the form of a series of short articles, written at the request of Mr. Charles Knight for his *Penny Magazine* (so long ago, I think, as 1844). The payment was not large; the articles were anonymous; the choice of the illustrations was not left to me, which I have since regretted. Nothing was said at the time about copyright; but as I understood afterwards that the copyright of all articles sent to the *Penny Magazine* belonged to Mr. Knight, I acquiesced of course.

These contributions (or essays) were brought to an abrupt close before the plan was carried out. They were then collected, and, without further reference to the author, were published (with my name) in two small volumes, as part of a cheap series, at a shilling each, and became popular, I believe. Afterwards they passed into the hands of another bookseller. In England and in America they were reprinted again and again. All this time I was very desirous to give the work a more complete and correct form. There were many errors, omissions of important and interesting painters, and very much which, in the course of years, an increasing knowledge of my subject would have enabled me to improve. I wished, therefore, to recover the copyright at any fair price, but had no money to advance for that purpose. I spoke to two booksellers on the subject, and also to my present publisher, Mr. Longman; I expressed my earnest wish to obtain some right over the work, in order that it might be rendered more fit for its purpose. Though I did not succeed, I did not despair. The wish, the hope, the intention, were known to many of my friends. It is, therefore, with some surprise and yet more regret that I see my little two-shilling book advertised at the price of six shillings, not as a new edition, but as if it were a new book, and published without any reference to my wishes—without even the opportunity being allowed to me to correct the proof-sheets, which I would most gladly and thankfully have undertaken.

Mrs. JAMESON concludes her letter with some complimentary expressions about the satisfaction which she experiences at having her work published by "a publisher so distinguished;" yet we have no doubt that she would have been better pleased to put up with a less distinguished publisher, if she could only have had an opportunity of revising her work.

We invite attention to the following announcement, which has appeared in the advertisement columns of the *Times*:

An author, in ill-health and difficulties, and without money or friends, entreats the reader to enable him to publish a five-shilling volume of poetry and prose, which has been highly commended by eminent authors. Its publication would relieve him from pressing debts and great anxiety of mind, which have made him ill. The highest references can be given. Address Chatterton, 4, Chapel-terrace, Kensington, W.

To this appeal are subscribed forty-one names, many of which are well-known and highly-honoured in literature. From among them we may mention—the DUKE OF ARGYLE, LORD ELSMERE, Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY, THOMAS CARLYLE, CHARLES DICKENS, HENRY HALLAM, W. S. LANDOR, W. C. MACREADY, JOHN RUSKIN, ALFRED TENNYSON, and the Rev. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

HISTORY.

Froude's History of England. Vols. III. and IV.
London: Parker and Sons.

NEITHER research nor power is wanting to make this continuation of Mr. Froude's history fully equal to his first and second volumes. These were noticed at some length in the CRITIC towards the end of 1856. We take up the analysis of the narrative at the point where it was then relinquished.

In the year 1536 there was great commotion in England—great but uncertain expectation of coming events, whose shadows were cast portentously before them. The immediate excitement was due to the prospect of a Spanish invasion; for Charles V. was the natural and necessary, although reluctant champion, of the divorced Catherine, and neither chivalry nor his position, as secular head of the greatest Roman Catholic empire in Christendom, permitted him to leave her supposed wrongs unavenged. The Pope had already planned a crusade against the heretic king of England; and the commission of deposing Henry had been already assigned to, and partly accepted by, Charles. But at this juncture, Charles was plunged in a war with France. The French were in Piedmont, and Charles was soon after with an army in France. It was a crisis in which the spiritual had to cede priority to the secular arm. A last overture was accordingly made by Paul to Henry, and the conduct of it was given to one of the most singular and characteristic celebrities of the age—Reginald Pole. There exists no fitter impersonation of the spirit of mediæval papacy.

He was one of the noble family of Courtenay, a near relation of the Marquis of Exeter, and connected more or less with all the great and influential English families. He had been a favourite of Henry, and having used the king up to the extreme point at which the interests of the ecclesiastic shot beyond those of the subject, he sacrificed, without a moment's compunction, the claims of secular laws and secular gratitude to the dangerous and vague ambition of the aspiring priest. Chosen by Henry to defend his case against the Pope, he passed into Italy, and there wrote and published his insolent and scandalous book, "*De limitate Ecclesiæ*." In it he addressed such language to Henry as perhaps no European king had heard since the days of A'Becket. But the spell was broken, and the mystery had become a common trick and vulgar mummery. Where the second Henry had bowed abjectly—crest and spirit-fallen—the eighth Henry stood erect, with the consciousness of independent power, and an indignant smile of disgust and contempt for the treacherous charlatan.

But the state of the country was far from satisfactory; and there were dangers at hand which Henry had not foreseen, and which only failed to overthrow him because he bowed to them in time. The articles of 1536, published by royal authority, were hateful alike to Papists and Protestants. The former saw in them nothing but heresy, the latter nothing but idolatry. In fact, they differed little from the fundamental doctrines of the Roman Church, except in placing Henry at the head of the English Church. But other grievances bore on the Papists. Not only were all their cherished traditions rudely handled; but—impiety of impiety, and profanity of profanities—an English Bible was placed by authority in every English church, so that all might read and judge for themselves God's word. The suppression of the small monasteries was going on rapidly. There were also secular causes of complaint. It was thought that the statute of Uses threatened all the principles of feudal tenure; that the cheap courts of law were becoming absorbed in expensive courts of assize; that the poor man was being robbed of his commons, and taxed also to extraordinary and oppressive subsidies.

Then the storm broke in the north. In Lincolnshire, the populace murdered the bishop's chancellor. In Yorkshire, the rough country gentlemen gathered round a stout-hearted London barrister—one Robert Aske. Lord Harvey, of Sleaford, as lord-lieutenant of Lincolnshire, was summoned to suppress the rebels in his county.

He gave in his adhesion to them. In Yorkshire, a royal mandate of the same import was sent to Lord Darcy, and was followed by the same result, after a feeble pretence of obedience by the latter. Sixty thousand determined and well-disciplined men gathered round Aske, and soon also in his camp were to be found all the great northern lords. Neither Lord Shrewsbury nor the Duke of Norfolk dared to lead the royal levies against the rebels. Both concurred in representing the danger as imminent, and in recommending concession to Henry. With a bitter pang of humiliation he yielded. He received deputies from the rebels; he received and discoursed courteously with Aske himself. He promised the first demand, viz., that a Parliament should be summoned forthwith at York, to consider the alleged grievances; and he intimated that the desired remedies should be applied. On these terms the insurgents agreed to disband; but in an evil hour for themselves. It does not appear that Henry meant to break faith with them; on the contrary, it seems that he intended to grant everything not inconsistent with the progress of the Reformation. But it was rumoured that they were deceived and betrayed. An ill-judged attempt was made to renew the insurrection; but by this time Henry was prepared. The rising was small and easily suppressed. Aske, Constable, and Darcy, although not ostensibly concerned in it, were charged and convicted as accomplices. They were sent to execution, and thus ended the first and nearly successful attempt to undo the work of the English Reformation.

The country was still in an alarming state. The birth of a Prince of Wales did something to tranquillise it; but the death shortly afterwards of the queen—Jane Seymour—and the ill-health of the king, revived the national uneasiness. The moral and physical commonwealth was alike unstable and precarious. People found that all the great religious questions became the more uncertain and obscure the more they were discussed. The idea of a creed—drawn pure and undefiled from the plain word of God—admirable as it was in theory, was found to be utterly impracticable, and productive only of infinite schisms. Germany and France were imminent enemies and treacherous friends; and to crown all, Reginald Pole—sharpened to the extremity of priestly animosity by the political failure of his book, and the dignified contempt with which England's King had treated it—was busy in a more dangerous pastime as the organiser and instrument of a secular conspiracy against Henry. The Marquis of Exeter, the Nevilles, and many other great lords of the west, were the leaders. Cornwall and Devonshire were completely under their influence. Charles the Fifth had promised Reginald—now Cardinal Pole—to make a descent on the English coast. Happily, while all was going dangerously well for the conspirators, and the Marquis of Exeter already foresaw the day when his arch-enemy, Cromwell, should be under his feet, a traitor appeared at the critical moment. Sir Geoffrey Pole—a brother of the chief conspirator—disclosed all; and the conspirators passed swiftly from the scene to the scaffold. Exeter, Lord Montague, Sir Edward Neville, Sir Nicholas Carew, and many others, were beheaded on Tower-hill; and again the Papist reaction was checked and the Reformation signally advanced.

The king knew how to avail himself of his success, and availed himself accordingly. The dissolution of the monasteries went on vigorously, and the confiscation proceeded upwards from the small to the large endowments. But the remarkable feature of the movement to modern reviewers is, that neither king nor people as yet appear to have had any definite conception of the objects at which they aimed. The majority of the nation supported the king heartily in his resolution to get rid of the Pope at any cost, and in abolishing such seminaries of indolence, corruption, and superstition as the monasteries had undoubtedly become. As long as the mere work of destruction was in hand there was little difference of opinion; but the discord became hopeless as soon as it was talked of stopping or of reconstructing. In this dissension sprang the first fatal germ of Cromwell's downfall. He was a reformer of the most advanced school; a man who, in the

seventeenth century, would have been found surely either heading the Puritans or a still more advanced and enlightened party. The king, consciously, or unconsciously, had only his own supremacy in view; and while sacrificing the more offensive parts of the Romish ritual to the popular sentiment, was for retaining everything that could throw a halo of ecclesiastical splendour round his temporal sovereignty. He wrote strongly and learnedly in defence of the sacraments, as signs of holy things, although not instruments of salvation; and he commanded that ceremonies should be used, but without superstition. In the Bill of the Six Articles he propounded doctrines which in all essentials were those of Rome. They asserted the real presence, advocated auricular confession, and commanded the celibacy of priests. All these doctrines were adopted into an Act of Parliament, duly passed by the Legislature in accordance with the royal manifesto.

The effects of the statute were terrible. It was tantamount to a re-establishment of Papacy, with the immaterial substitution of the king for the Pope as head of the Church. The statute was guarded by severe penalties, of which the Romans lost no time in availing themselves. It was "developed" to such an extent, that five hundred persons were indicted under it during the first fortnight after it became law. It seemed that an inquisition—worse than any that disgraced Spain—had been legalised in England. "There was not a man of note or reputation in the city who had so much as spoken a word against Rome, but was under suspicion or under actual arrest. Latimer and Sharetton were imprisoned and driven to resign their bishoprics." The absurdity of the new law, and the impossibility of working it, soon drove the king to grant a general pardon to all who were charged with the breaking of it, and to treat the act as a nullity. The pardon was Cromwell's work—the last noble act of him who had been most instrumental in breaking the power of Rome—the final close of one who was now to become the martyr of his own great victory.

He had taught the king a valuable lesson, for which, king-like and man-like, the latter never forgave him. He had shown Henry that principles had become necessities, which, in the nature of things, because they were the very essence of the future greatness of the nation, could not be sacrificed to the capricious selfishness of an ephemeral ruler. Henry had sense enough to profit by the lesson, but never forgave his tutor. Any pretext would have sufficed for his overthrow, and such a pretext was at hand.

The matter of the king's marriage could no longer be delayed. It would have been settled long before, and the fair Duchess of Milan would have been Queen of England, if the marriage treaty, when already completed, had not been broken off by the intervention of Charles V., who, after making it or pretending to make it, declared peremptorily against it. The only other suitable princess was Anne, the sister of the Count of Cleves. It was Cromwell's ill-luck, when the king was already smarting under his minister's victory in the matter of the Six Articles, to select this lady, and to represent her to Henry as endowed with all the fascinating graces of person as well as of mind. Henry apparently did not care for superior women, and would have pardoned an intellectual deficiency; but it was no part of his philosophy to allow a plain woman to be passed off on him as a pretty one. Anne was not only plain but ugly. She had the thick lips, the coarse skin, the large and gross person of the Fleming. She seems to have had amiability and good sense; but neither sprightliness nor any other quality that even a refined sensualist would be likely to accept as a substitute for beauty. She was brought to England in all royal state; and Henry, fired by Cromwell's unaccountable admiration, hastened to Greenwich to welcome his bride. He was thunderstruck, and with difficulty maintained his composure and courtesy. On the first occasion he said sternly to Cromwell: "How say you, my Lord? Say what they will, she is nothing fair. The personage is well and seemly, but nothing else." Cromwell suggested faintly that she had "a queenly manner." It was ad-

mitted ungraciously; but Cromwell from that moment was a doomed man. The king bowed to the yoke, after ineffectually suggesting to Anne that she was bound by a pre-contract. The lady declined to take the hint, and assured him that no such contract had existed. The marriage took place—a marriage which was only of Church ritual, and in name. The king and queen were man and wife; but Henry could not overcome his repugnance, and a curious State paper informed his council of the reasons which compelled his majesty to avoid the society of the queen, even from the day of the marriage. They were such as would have entitled her to a divorce. A divorce was determined on as soon as it was named; and simultaneously, and of necessity, the thunderbolt fell on Cromwell.

He had been the leading spirit of the Reformation, and, as such, may very probably have spoken indiscreetly on the matters which were in controversy between the king and himself. He was arrested suddenly at the council board on a charge of high treason. Nothing could be more frivolous, but enough was established to satisfy the stern letter of the existing law. It was charged, and proved against him, that he had liberated heretics accused of high treason; that he had published heretical books, asserting that the priesthood was a form, and that all churchmen might administer the sacrament; that he had rebuked the prosecutors of heretics. It was charged more seriously, that he had threatened to withstand the king's majesty if the king turned from the good cause of the Reformation.

It was enough that such were the charges; in those times a conviction would have followed as a matter of course in such a prosecution instituted by the Crown. But it was thought safer to pass a bill of attainder against him. He was condemned and sentenced to be beheaded. Cranmer alone had the courage to intercede with the king, but in vain. Little is known of Cromwell's execution, but that on the 28th July, 1540, he died firmly, with a beautiful prayer on his lips, on Tower-hill. The king's divorce had been already pronounced by an obsequious clergy. The queen was allowed to remain in England with a handsome establishment, and appears to have accepted her position with indifference, and even satisfaction. On the Continent the Emperor of Germany and the King of France raised some objections; but it was not, as in Catherine's case, the interest of either a church or an empire to interfere in the matter, and every one accordingly soon acquiesced in it.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE YOUTH OF SHELLEY.

The Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley. By THOMAS JEFFERSON HOGG. 4 vols. Vols. I. and II. London: Edward Moxon. 1858.

(Concluded from p. 222.)

We left the two young friends, Shelley and his biographer, the day after their expulsion from Oxford, newly arrived in the great metropolis, smarting under their disgrace, and yet, perhaps, a little pleased with their novel freedom and the stirring world by which they found themselves environed. The first thing to be done, of course, was to find lodgings. After a long hunt Shelley fixed on Poland-street, characteristically enough, "because it reminded him of Thaddeus of Warsaw and of freedom!" There was a back sitting-room covered with trellised paper, "vine-leaves with their tendrils, and huge clusters of grapes, green and purple, all represented in lively colours;" and Mr. Hogg still remembers (O tenacious memory!) how, when he ordered a fire, for it was still March, the poet "objected in a plaintive voice, staring piteously at the ripe clusters, and seemingly actually to feel the genial warmth of the sweet south." They led "a quiet, happy life," says Mr. Hogg, during this brief conjoint sojourn. They read together at home and in the fields, and among the books thus perused was Lord Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," then "just out," which proclaimed that a new genius had arisen, and with the "bitter wrathful satire" of which Shelley, as he shrieked it to his friend, was infinitely delighted. Then there were relatives of Shelley to visit; among them a little sister at school at Wandsworth, where the poet's future and first wife was also being indoctrinated in the usual branches of a polite education. Nay, there was even a dinner given by Shelley's father to the two youths, "at Miller's Hotel, over Westminster-bridge," when the fond

but foolish parent consulted the young Hogg as to the best mode of dealing with his son, and received from the practical youth the sound and judicious advice, "marry him." Shelley's marriage was not far off, but it was not destined to be one contracted by his father with any of the eligible Sussex young ladies whom he had in his eye. Up to the date of that event, some six months afterwards, Shelley seems to have lived on terms of what may be called friendly quarrel with his father. Occasionally he visited Field-place. He offered to resign his inheritance in consideration of freedom and 200*l.* a-year; but it was found that the entail was a strict one, and Shelley could not divest himself of his rights until he was twenty-one. Shelley's father was a vain, changeable, tedious, silly person, quite incapable of managing his meteoric son; but he was not a bad-hearted man. The correspondence between Shelley senior and Hogg senior on the reclamation of their misguided offspring, reminds us of the consultations of fond old fathers in Molière, about their erring sons whom the impulses of youth and the co-operation of a Scapin are misleading to apparent destruction. Alas! in Shelley's case the misguided power was the genius of a chaotic and distracted age, and his aberrations were to find an end only in the fatal embrace of the stormy sea-waves and cremation by the far Italian shore.

Unfortunately for us the little partnership of Poland-street was soon dissolved. A month after it had been formed, Mr. Hogg obeyed paternal orders, and betook himself to York and the dull routine of a conveyancer's office. From this event onward to the September of the same year, a period which includes Shelley's courtship and marriage, the two friends did not see each other in the flesh, and had to be content with a close correspondence. Narrative for this period there is little or none, and the wild rhapsodical letters of Shelley (mostly undated and full of obscure allusions) which Mr. Hogg prints for our instruction, stand sadly in need of comment and elucidation. These epistles of Shelley are painful, and far from edifying reading. They are the ebullitions of one ill at ease with himself and with the universe, and seeking to inflict on others the penalties with which he had been visited by society. Sceptics in general are a quiet race. They hug themselves in the complacent belief that they are superior to the prejudices and superstitions of their fellows, and usually are content with a quiet smile or sneer at the world around them. But the passionate, impulsive, thorough-going nature of Shelley could not rest in this quietude of nonconformity. His is the very fanaticism of denial, the bigotry of unbelief, the intolerance of toleration. It is but fair to Mr. Hogg to say, that although his own letters of this period to Shelley are not printed, they seem to have exerted a wholesome influence on the mind of his young friend, exasperated by contumely and disappointment, and left dangerously isolated among his kind. Although Shelley's first marriage did not turn out in all respects a happy match, yet his connection with the young lady who became his wife would have been much more painful, had it not been for the prudent counsels of Mr. Hogg, urged, too, before he knew personally the object of Shelley's attachment. On this delicate subject Mr. Hogg, as we have said, throws curious light, but, properly speaking, it is light only when compared with the darkness visible in the ignorant errors of former biographers, and a strange *chiar'oscuro* still invests the story of Shelley's first marriage. Earlier in life, Shelley had been engaged to a sister of a school-fellow, but this Harriet finally rejected him on account of his sceptical opinions. At the boarding-school, already referred to, where, on his arrival in London, he was in the habit of visiting his younger sister, he met another fair Harriet, inferior in social position to his first love, but with whom sceptical opinions were a recommendation and not a hindrance. Harriet Westbrook was pretty, clever, ardent, and bold. She disliked school and she liked Shelley. Her father, who had accumulated a fortune as the keeper of a fashionable hotel and coffee-house, does not seem to have discouraged the advances of the young heir to a baronetcy, although he insisted on the completion of his daughter's education. In these letters we hear repeatedly of Shelley visiting her with her father's sanction and of his travelling in the company of the whole Westbrook family. But the young people could not wait. Miss Westbrook's was a *tête exaltée*. What Shelley was, the reader knows. One September

morning of 1811, Mr. Hogg received a letter from his friend written in York itself. "Direct to the Edinburgh post-office—my own name. I passed to-night with the mail. Harriet is with me. We are in a slight pecuniary distress. We shall have seventy-five pounds on Sunday, until when you can send 10*l.*? Divide it in two." The young couple had eloped, and were on their way to the Modern Athens to perform the facile ceremony of a Scottish marriage. Six months after his rejection by his *Alma Mater* the youth of nineteen was a husband. In a few days, Mr. Hogg, who had been planning an excursion during the long vacation, joined the happy pair at Edinburgh, where he found much food for his peculiar humour. It is to be hoped that North Britain and our North British friends will survive the satire of Mr. Hogg of Norton. It may be some satisfaction to them to learn that their jocose foe, the late and Reverend Sydney Smith, also finds no favour in the eyes of Mr. Thomas Jefferson Hogg, who knew the famous wit at York, and who pronounces him a "noisy, impudent, shallow, clerical jester."

To a gentleman of Mr. Hogg's strong aristocratic prejudices, the match could not be satisfactory, from a genealogical point of view. He speaks of Mr. Westbrook senior with constant and characteristic contempt. The unfortunate father-in-law is either the "ex-coffee-house keeper" or "Jew Westbrook," and the young bride's sister, who could not tolerate Mr. Hogg, and whom Mr. Hogg could not tolerate, is unremittently reproached (after the lapse, too, of nearly half a century) with the crime of having been the daughter of a retired hotel-keeper. The more surprising is the uniform admiration which the aristocratic biographer displays for the first Mrs. Shelley. It disposes at once of the slander that she was ignorant, uneducated, and every way unfitted to be the wife of Shelley. We knew before that she had personal attractions. They must have been great, since in these volumes, the sister of Shelley, who was her school-mate (and who, speaking of the marriage, says, "she was not a person likely to attract him," Shelley, "permanently,") describes her as "a very handsome girl, with a complexion quite unknown in these days—brilliant in pink and white—with hair quite like a poet's dream." Mr. Hogg declares that "the ex-coffee-house keeper's" daughter was "always pretty, always bright, always blooming, smart, usually plain in her neatness; without a spot, without a wrinkle, not a hair out of its place." And not only so; if "her accomplishments were slight," on the other hand, "with regard to acquirements of higher importance for her years, she was exceedingly well read." Further on, we are told, that "her reading was not of a frivolous description; she did not like light, still less trifling ephemeral productions. Morality was her favourite theme; she found most pleasure in works of a high ethical tone. Telemachus and Belisarius were her choice companions, and other compositions of the same leaven, but of less celebrity." True, to some husbands Harriet would have made but an indifferent spouse. She was not much of a housewife; she could not cook; she scarcely knew a leg of mutton from a sirloin of beef. Once when Mr. Hogg, as they were all three returning in a post-chaise from Scotland to England, praised some barley and some turnips in fields by the road-side, she astonished even her dreamy husband by putting the question, "Pray tell me, Bysshe, which are the turnips and which is the barley?" But, sooth to say, Shelley was of all men the last to trouble himself about these domestic deficiencies. All but a vegetarian, the skill of Ude would have been lost on him. Plain bread or a plain bun was dinner enough for him. Restless, irregular, fitful in his domestic habits, he would have merely outraged the feelings of a perfect housewife, and rewarded her best exertions with ungracious indifference. His young wife's temper was serene, as the poet's own was sweet; and Mr. Hogg, who liked them both and watched them both vigilantly, whispers not a syllable of "incompatibility." Poor Harriet, as well as her visionary husband, could talk, in her own placid way, enthusiastically of future golden ages and secular millenniums of universal felicity and peace. Certainly Shelley, if not fitly, was at least congenially mated.

A volume of more than 550 pages is devoted by Mr. Hogg to the next two years and a half of Shelley's biography! Perfectly ignorant of the world which they had determined on revolutionising, the young couple began at once to run

to and fro in it. After considerable negotiation, Shelley's father and his wife's father settled on the erring pair an income of 400*l.* a-year, which, with their simple tastes, might have sufficed them, had it not been for their expensively vagrant propensities. They began with a cottage at Keswick, in the neighbourhood of Southey, whose acquaintance was easily made. On this head, did not Mr. Hogg disdain all sources of information but his own, he might have consulted with advantage the Southey correspondence, which contains some interesting notices of Shelley at Keswick. There Southey shows himself looking at the Shelleys as a couple of wild and interesting children. The grave and settled Laker bored Shelley with his ethics and his epics; he was no longer the author of "Wat Tyler," and the advocate of pantisocracy; he had ripened into the defender of law and order. The Shelleys were disappointed with Southey, and in a few months we find them in Dublin, the husband forming philanthropic clubs to agitate for the repeal of the Union and Catholic emancipation. At one meeting, however, Shelley, in his single-minded zeal, ventured to hint to his audience that Protestants should be tolerated as well as Catholics. A volley of abuse and some threats of personal violence convinced him that universal toleration was not to be attained through the instrumentality of the mob of Dublin. From Dublin to Merionethshire (because it was the scene of Godwin's "Fleetwood"), from Merionethshire to Radnorshire, thence to North Devon, to London, to Dublin, again to London, with parenthetical trips both to Edinburgh and Dublin once more, the Shelleys, during the first year or so of their married life, knew no rest for the soles of their feet. From the spring of 1813 to that of 1814, we find them, however, generally in or not far from London, and once more in frequent personal communication with Mr. Hogg, then completing his legal education as a student of law in one of the inns of court. The account of Shelley during this residence in and near the metropolis belongs to the most amusing portions of Mr. Hogg's already bulky work. It is not only that now "Queen Mab" was privately printed and his first child born; Shelley himself almost becomes less interesting than his circle. What a collection of oddities, Shelley's acquaintances and intimates! Those who fancy the droll social heresies of to-day to be the mere growths of yesterday will find most of them flourishing in Mr. Hogg's pages, with some that time has destroyed. Professors and professoresses of vegetarianism, secularism, and women's rights survive among us, a little tamed perhaps from their prototypes in Shelley's circle, as portrayed by Mr. Hogg. But we have nothing to compare to the ways of the most respectable family in a very fashionable street with whom Shelley one day took his friend and future biographer to dine unawares. The knocker had done its duty, and—but we shall allow Mr. Hogg to tell the story himself:

The door was thrown wide open, and a strange spectacle presented itself. There were five naked figures in the passage advancing rapidly to meet us. The first was a boy of twelve years, the last a little girl of five; the other three children, the two eldest of them girls, were of intermediate ages, between the two extremes. As soon as they saw me, they uttered a piercing cry, turned round, and ran wildly up stairs, screaming aloud. The stairs presented the appearance of Jacob's ladder, with the angels ascending it, except that they had no wings, and they moved faster, and made more noise than the ordinary representations of the patriarch's vision indicate. From the window of the nursery at the top of the house the children had seen the beloved Shelley—had scampered down stairs in single file to welcome him; me, the kill-joy, they had not observed.

In this case, *Mater-familias* had a notion that an occasional state of paradisaic nudity was good for children! But Mr. Hogg at once adds, that the family to which he was thus strangely introduced was "truly elegant," that he "found everything in the best taste," &c., &c., and so very particular a gentleman may be trusted when he praises. If such things were done in the green tree, what must have been done in the dry? In the Shelleys' metropolitan circle there was every gradation of living absurdity, from this "truly elegant family," down to the old lady in Pimlico (of the French School), at whose house Mr. Hogg found "two or three sentimental young butchers, an eminently philosophical tinker, and several very unsophisticated medical practitioners or medical students, all of low origin and vulgar and offensive manners." These wor-

thies, to the great disgust of Mr. Hogg, "sighed, turned up their eyes, retailed philosophy such as it was, and swore by William Godwin and Political Justice, acting, moreover, and very clumsily, the parts of Petrarchs, Werters, St. Leons, and Fleetwoods." Such was the element in which the ardent, pure, single-minded Shelley moved and had his being; now with philosophic talk, keeping pleasure-loving young ladies from their beds till four o'clock in the morning, now rushing into a pawnbroker's shop to pledge his watch for money to relieve the demands of some chance applicant for charity with a pitiful and very often imaginary tale of sorrow and distress.

Among persons of any note whose intimacy was cultivated by Shelley, the most important in himself and for his influence on the poet was his future father-in-law, the once-celebrated William Godwin. Shelley's acquaintance with him was begun at Keswick, by a high-flown letter, full of passionate praise, entreating the correspondence and friendship of the author of "Political Justice." Godwin had grown more cool and wary since he wrote that attack on the existing order of things, and he returned a rather frigid reply to the warm epistle of his new disciple. By degrees, as the simple and ardent nature of Shelley was developed in correspondence, the acquaintance of the senior and the junior philosopher ripened into friendship, none the less rapidly, perhaps, because the old bookseller of Skinner-street was not accustomed to be courted by heirs to baronetcies and estates worth many thousands a year. As long as the intimacy was confined to paper, it was of unmixed advantage to Shelley. The experienced Godwin, some forty years older than his young correspondent, wrote him calm, sage letters of practical advice, and confirmed as a man of the world the ascendancy which his advocacy of sweeping social changes had first procured him over the mind of the poet. Of Godwin's early personal acquaintance with Shelley Mr. Hogg says little, but he gives an interesting sketch of the man who, after stimulating the revolutionary furor by his "Political Justice" subsided into the calm, placid, silent whist-player of Charles Lamb's "Life and Correspondence." Many a night-walk has Mr. Hogg taken in those old times, from the house of a mutual friend at the West-end to Lincoln's-inn-field, listening to the chat, generally congealed in society, but melting and flowing, *tête-à-tête*, of the "short, stout, thickest old man, of very fair complexion, and with a bald and very large head, 'who wrote 'Calib Williams.'" Here is a glimpse of Godwin's interior, interesting not only on his account, but as showing Shelley in contact with his future wife, the authoress of "Frankenstein." It is the day of Lord Cochrane's (now Lord Dundonald) celebrated trial. Mr. Hogg had drafted the information, and with a fellow-pupil went into Guildhall to hear the voluminous document read. Leaving the court in an hour or two:

In Cheapside I fell in with Shelley. I spoke to him of the trial that was depending. He rarely took an interest in such matters, and he expressed no curiosity as to the result. We walked westward, through Newgate-street. When we reached Skinner-street, he said, "I must speak with Godwin; come in, I will not detain you long." I followed him through the shop, which was the only entrance, and up stairs. We entered a room on the first floor; it was shaped like a quadrant. In the arc were windows; in one radius a fireplace, and in the other a door, and shelves with many old books. William Godwin was not at home. Byshe strode about the room, causing the crazy floor of the ill-built, unsound dwelling-house to shake and tremble under his impatient footsteps. He appeared to be displeased at not finding the fountain of political justice. "Where is Godwin?" he asked me several times, as if I knew. I did not know, and to say the truth, I did not care. He continued his uneasy promenade; and I stood reading the names of old English authors on the backs of the venerable volumes when the door was partially and softly opened. A thrilling voice called "Shelley." A thrilling voice answered "Mary!" And he darted out of the room like an arrow from the bow of the far-shooting king. A very young female, fair and fair-haired, pale indeed, and with a piercing look, wearing a frock of tartan, an unusual dress in London at that time, had called him out of the room. He was absent a very short time—a minute or two—and then returned. "Godwin is out; there is no use in waiting." So we continued our walk along Holborn.

"Who was that, pray?" I asked; "a daughter?"
"Yes."
"A daughter of William Godwin?"
"The daughter of Godwin and Mary."

This was the first time, on the day of Lord Coch-

* Mary Woolstonecroft.

rane's trial, that I beheld a very distinguished lady, of whom I have much to say hereafter. It was but the glance of a minute, through a door partly opened. Her quietness certainly struck me, and possibly also, for I am not quite sure on this point, her paleness and piercing look. Nothing more was said on either side about the young female.

And Harriet? The whole sad story will be told in Mr. Hogg's subsequent volumes, to which we hope that he will soon give us occasion to advert.

Lord George Bentinck: a Political Biography. By the Right Hon. B. DISRAELI, M.P. London: G. Routledge and Co.

THE unexpected advent to power of a Conservative Ministry, and the consequent revival of Conservative questions, have evidently supplied Messrs. Routledge with a pretext for issuing this new edition of Mr. Disraeli's biographical sketch of the Bayard of Protection. So many changes, however, have taken place in the opinions of his followers since poor Lord George came to his untimely end, that we doubt very much whether he would know where to seat himself, could he now walk into St. Stephen's and find his friends in power. The new edition is apparently nothing but a reprint, at a less price, of the original issue, for we can nowhere detect traces of Mr. Disraeli's revising pen.

SCIENCE.

The Medical and Legal Relations of Madness. By JOSHUA BURGESS, M.D. London: Churchill.
The Human Mind in its Relations with the Brain and Nervous System. By DANIEL NOBLE, M.D. London: Churchill.

DR. NOBLE treats of mind in its healthy, Dr. Burgess of mind in its diseased, condition, but in doing so both of them travel out of fact into theory. We always view this with regret in a scientific treatise, because there is great danger of a reflex action, to use a medical phrase, the theory being often unconsciously permitted to mould and colour the facts so as to assimilate them to itself. Dr. Burgess designed to investigate the legal definition of madness, to compare it with the medical definition, and to point out the fallacies of the lawyers, than which no better service could be rendered to society; but to do this he broaches what he calls a cellular theory of mind, of nerve force, and of vegetative vital force. In madness, he says,

The seat of disturbance is the brain, and the condition set up, a state of *irritability*; and which very often occurs from deficient power of the heart and circulation; and if we could trace mental error to well-ascertained functional conditions, as in other diseases, and demonstrate that errors of will, memory and understanding, diseased judgment, senses, and perceptions, resulted from certain states of the nervous and circulating systems, insanity would be easy to comprehend; and it will be our object to show the capability of physiology to explain many pathological conditions connected with insanity.

As a general rule, a diminution or deterioration of the blood sent to the brain is the cause of insanity, except in cases where it is produced by organic lesion, but these are usually cases of monomania, or partial insanity, limited to the function of the particular part of the brain that is affected. For

The sources from which intellect and intelligence proceed are seated in the superior and anterior portion of the brain, in the hemispheres, from which the functions of the mind, namely, consciousness, reflection, will, and memory, proceed. The special senses which adjoin this centre of intellect supply it with facts, upon which it operates, and through their expression is the manifestation of reason. Destroy the hemispheres, and will and memory cease; and although voluntary motion continues, it is not governed by will and intellect. If, on the other hand, you destroy certain central portions of the brain, namely, the lobes of the *corpora quadrigemina*, as described by Desmoulins, Flourens, and Hertwig, and also by Magendie, voluntary motion is destroyed, but the intellect continues. In the results which M. Hertwig obtained, he says . . . "No. 7.—That no other effects than those mentioned follow the mutilation of the *corpora quadrigemina*; thus, for example, that no disturbance of memory or consciousness is produced."

But the brain is double: we have, in fact, too minds. Each hemisphere of the brain is a complete mind, and can act alone:

The provision of the two *hemispheres* (virtually two brains)—so that if one-half of this double brain should receive injury or destruction, the mind, through

other half, may still continue its functions—and also of the equally admirable function of the *commissures*, through which the hemispheres may be simultaneously informed, by the senses and perceptions of those external objects which give origin to all mental actions, have no equal or parallel in the range of animal organisation. If you destroy the hemispheres, although you do not thereby destroy *sensation*, which is seated below the hemispheres in the *medulla oblongata*, the intellectual faculty—the mind, no longer exists, and you destroy consciousness, will, memory, and understanding; and vitality only remains, and its continuation will be limited, since vitality alone is not sufficient for the human economy. The difference between the brain and other secreting organs consists in this: the brain gradually increases its power of producing or secreting ideas, as its maturity progresses, or as age advances, and in the new-born child, and in infancy, *instinct* prevails, since intellect is not developed. And in a state of civilisation, the brain becomes matured by education, as well as by experience and knowledge; and the powers of reason greatly depend upon the acquisitions, which time and experience alone can confer. A healthful brain increases in vigour a long period after the *animal functions* have ceased their development and maturity; and the mental functions and powers are small at the commencement of life, and are feeble for a long period, and only gradually arrive at complete development.

The brain being such, and such being its functions, how does it act? That is the problem which has perplexed physiologists, and which experiment has failed to solve. Hence so many theories of it. Dr. Burgess has his theory also, and he thinks that the brain works like a gland, and secretes those sensations which we term consciousness, perception, and ideas:

The functions or operations of the brain are produced in a different manner from other functions in the animal economy, and are governed by different laws. The brain having the function of *consciousness*, not only derives intelligence from external objects, which it does through the senses (which in itself is a peculiarity); but independently of them, and by reflection the brain obtains intelligence, ideas, thoughts, and imaginations from its own internal operations and impressions, *which is consciousness*; and communicates them to be acted upon through the functions of volition and of the will; and it directs and guides its own elaborations, and can compare and reflect upon both internal and external impressions, derived through the senses, at the command of the will; and which latter is what Locke defines to be *intellectual liberty*. And the brain also derives impressions, ideas, and sensations, through the nerves of *animal and organic life*; since *consciousness* is manifested when the special senses are lost or suspended, either from injury or disease; and Sir B. Brodie says, that “consciousness may be influenced by physical impressions of various kinds, communicated from other parts of the corporeal system . . . through the medium of the nerves; not as the immediate result of impressions on the external senses, or of anything that was passing on the mind previously.” Thus, while intellect is peculiar to the *cerebrum*, the posterior lobe of which is peculiar to man and to a higher intellect only, Brodie says, “the *medulla oblongata*, *cerebellum*, *thalamus*, *corpora striata*, and *tubercula quadrigemina* . . . are connected with that class of phenomena which belong to the animal appetites and instincts.”

Dr. Burgess holds *will* to be distinct from *volition*, the former being a mental, the latter an animal function, originating in the spontaneous and instinctive movements of animal life, and being governed by the will: the seat of volition is the *medulla oblongata*, of the will in the grey substance of the hemispheres:

Volition results from *sensation*, and is manifested by *motion*; and to a great extent it is directed and governed by the will, which preserves the *nervous co-ordination and unity*; and *consciousness* exists of the mental act or object upon which the will is fixed, which volition, on the other hand, automatically performs. *When, and whatever, the will demands, volition, if correct, instinctively obeys its mandates*. In the lower animals, instinct is always manifested by volition and motion, and for limited and isolated objects it is superior to, or any rate transcends, the inventions of reason and intellect; and it is also sufficient for the preservation of the animal, to secure its safety, and to gratify its sensuous wants and desires. But in them the hemispheres, the convolutions, and the grey substance, being small, the will is small; and in their economy, volition increases in the ratio of the diminution of the will, which explains the wonderful manifestations of *instinct*, and the perfection of its results. And in the lower animals, whose wants and economy are very limited, material, and sensuous, they being only appetitive and motive in their natural habits, instinct is a good and sufficient substitute for reason.

He instances in proof of the distinction the cases of delusions, delirium, &c., in which volition acts without the control of the will.

As for memory, he says of it:

Sir B. Brodie says: “It would be easy to multiply examples such as these . . . They show also that it is not in every part of the nervous system, but in the *brain*, that memory resides. The faculty is injured by a blow on the head, or a disease affecting the brain, but not by an injury of the spine, or a disease of the spinal chord. The eye may be amaurotic, but Milton and Huber retained the memory of objects which they had seen previous to their blindness,” &c. Sir Benjamin differs from Müller, in thinking that there are special organs in the brain for locomotion and speech, and also for memory. Müller says: “No part of the brain can be distinctly pointed out as the seat of *memory*, of *imagination*, &c. Memory may be lost as a consequence of lesion of the hemispheres, at any part of their periphery; and the same is the case with regard to all the principal faculties or tendencies of the mind.” The memory is soon affected, and becomes greatly impaired and nearly obliterated in maniacal attacks; and after a time, that is after long-continued maniacal paroxysms, it becomes almost destroyed. Some, according to Haslam, losing in a wonderful degree their former correctness of orthography; but this must be considered only a type, it being the most common and familiar test of memory; the first manifestation of a want of power in the brain, either of a weak brain, or on the approach of *ramollissement*, is generally a defect of memory.

He deduces from this that the apparatus which is the source of power in the mind is the vesicular cells of the nerve matrix, the conductors of it being the medullary bundles of filamentous tubes, ganglia, and coils. The action depends on the integrity of this fibrous structure. The senses commence the circle at one extremity of the filamentous tube, which becoming impelled or passed through the vesicular cells, ideas are generated, and it terminates at the other end of the circle by *induction* of will, memory and understanding in the cerebral mass or nerve matrix.

The application of this to the treatment of insanity is the subject of the remainder of the volume, to which the reader must be referred for the mass of valuable information which has been gathered together.

Dr. Noble does not differ materially from the views of Dr. Burgess. He holds the brain to be the apparatus of the mind, and the nerve substance the parts of the machinery. He says:

At the foot of the animal scale, where the presence of consciousness is doubtful, but feeble traces of nerve structure, and sometimes none at all are discoverable, a little higher, insects and the mollusca have so simple a development of the nervous system, that some physiologists have doubted their possession of its crowning constituent—a brain; but, if they have any conscious principle, it must certainly manifest itself through the instrumentality of nerve substance; and whatever be its form or locality, it must be regarded, because of its function, as at least a rudimentary brain. In ascending the scale and coming to fishes, we observe a decided advance in the encephalic organisation; for, whilst in the Invertebrata the brain or its analogue is hardly distinguishable from the ganglionic centres of the nerves of sense; in fishes, with which the vertebrate series commences, masses corresponding to the cerebrum proper, or hemispheres, and to the cerebellum, in mammals, become apparent; and with these coincide more striking and obvious displays of consciousness. The yet higher degree of this endowment, and the more varied states in which it exhibits itself in birds, correspond with increased and more complex development of the encephalon. In the mammalia, the advance which is made in the structures within the head is remarkable; the magnitude, both absolutely and relatively to the rest of the body, greatly exceeds that which obtains in the inferior tribes; and the cerebral hemispheres begin to assume a convoluted appearance. And, indeed, throughout the whole animal series, commencing with the very lowest creatures and ascending till we culminate in man, it is found that the loftier and more varied the psychical manifestations, the more highly organised are the nervous masses constituting the encephalon. But, in point of fact, we instinctively localise consciousness within the head. The popular phraseology of all nations uses the terms *head* and *brain* to express and denote the capacity of thought. Amongst ourselves it is said, in familiar converse, when we would characterise a weak-minded person, he has got no head, no brains; and, in an opposite sense, he is possessed of a strong head, or a powerful brain. The poets and dramatists of every epoch and clime, falling in with the language of daily experience, constantly speak of the mind, or conscious principle, under the designations *head* and *brain*.

Dr. Noble gives the weight of his authority to what is certainly very good news to the studios.

Studios habits, however continuous, in themselves operate with but little prejudice to the system; when the health of severe students gives way, the fact is almost always directly traceable to irregularity of meals, inadequate sleep, neglect of out-door exercise, and deprivation of suitable recreation; let these be duly attended to, and scarcely any amount of pure

thinking will act injuriously upon the system, or diminish the prospects of longevity. The case, however, is very different when, from any cause, feeling is greatly perturbed, when the emotional sensibility is habitually excited; then, more or less, the health constantly suffers; organic changes, not unfrequently malignant, are induced; and sometimes life is prematurely and abruptly extinguished. See the perpetually occurring effects of grief, anxiety and corroding care—the wan countenance, the sickly and dingy complexion, the wasted flesh. Look even at the results of too much joyous excitement—the sleepless nights, the nervous excitability, the fever-flush. We have none of these phenomena exhibited by the merely studious man; by him at least who is exempt from striving, competitive anxiety, from ambitious struggles, and other influences that deteriorate feeling. You will rather notice a flourishing state of both mental and bodily health. Longevity, too, notoriously attaches to philosophers and men of science, if they only take ordinary care of themselves, and do not engage too vehemently in the *battle of life*, which compromises the sensibility. When we hear or read of the *calm philosopher* and the *unimpassioned sage*, we picture to ourselves immediately an *old man*,

— in whose years are seen
A youthful vigour and autumnal green.

And with this extract we close a volume which all should read, for it is written so that all may understand it. The subject is of extreme interest and importance to every living being.

Wild Flowers. By SPENCER THOMSON, M.D., &c. London: G. Routledge and Co.

In issuing a cheap edition of this admirable little manual, Messrs. Routledge deserve a vote of thanks from the humble wayfarers of science. Its popularity among practical botanists is already attested by the fact of its having attained a fourth edition; and now, the cheapness of the present issue places it within the reach of the poorest herboriser. The text of the fourth edition has been revised for the purpose, and there are no less than 171 well-executed illustrations given. If a perusal of this charming little book will not make a man a botanist, we are at a loss to know what will.

A Botanical Tour in the Highlands of Perthshire. (Reprinted from the “Phytologist.”) London: William Pamplin, 45, Frith-street, Soho.

THE “Phytologist” is a botanical journal, chiefly filled up with papers on British botany; and the most readable are those which are devoted to accounts of excursions undertaken for botanical purposes in different parts of the country. The authors of the above tract visited Scotland a summer or so ago, and chose Perthshire for the scene of their operations. The pedestrian part of it began at Stirling and ended at Perth. Between these two places they visited Loch Katrine, Braes of Balquhider, Killin, Ben Lawers, Taymouth, Glen Lyon, Dunkeld, &c., and the result of their walk is printed in successive numbers of the “Phytologist.” They were induced to reprint these various papers in a connected series, and they are now offered to the notice of botanists who mean to visit these localities, the richest in Scotland for botanical rarities. The editors state in their preface that “there is one special subject on which they are desirous of receiving communications, viz., trees in churchyards. The sepulchral yew is not the only tree planted among the narrow mansions of the dead.” This slim 8vo. is provided with an itinerary and index.

The Geological Difficulties of the Age Theory. By ANDREW TAYLOR. Edinburgh: R. Lendrum and Co.

A CONTRIBUTION to the geological controversy caused by the late Hugh Miller’s “Testimony of the Rocks.” Its tendency is not so much in opposition to that work as in Mr. Peter Bayne’s uncompromising defence of it. Mr. Taylor’s conclusion is, that it is not necessary to reconcile the Mosaic account of the creation with the facts of geology, and consequently he pronounces against what is called “the Age Theory,” which consists in understanding the Mosaic “days” to signify ages or cycles of creation.

The Practical Naturalist’s Guide. By JAMES BOYD DAVIES. Edinburgh: MacLachlan and Stewart. London: Simpkin and Marshall.

This useful little manual contains plain and practical directions for collecting, preparing, and preserving specimens in all departments of zoology. Its value to the student and amateur collector is very great, and the author, who is

Assistant-Conservator in the Natural History Museum, Edinburgh, is thoroughly qualified for the task which he has undertaken. Both for its utility and handy size it deserves to find a place in the knapsack of every scientific traveller.

EDUCATION.

Raccolta Di Poesi. By F. VENOSTA. London: Nutt.

Publii Terentii Afri Andria. By N. TRAVERS, B.A. London: Watson and Maberly.

Select Odes of Horace in English Lyrics. By J. T. BLACK, F.R.S. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE first book on our list, *Raccolta Di Poesi*, is intended as an elementary and progressive reading-book for those who desire to become acquainted with the Italian language in all its melody and beauty. With such an object Mr. Venosta could not follow chronological order, but he has supplied a very useful appendix, in which the principal works of the poets from whom he has made extracts are particularised by name, and also the dates of their appearance. The selections appear to be made with much taste and judgment. Mr. Venosta has hit the happy medium which excites the desire to acquire a new language by showing a student glimpses of the pleasant paths through which he is invited to travel. He has planted flowers on either hand, as a sort of recompense for the dry process of consulting dictionaries. The selections show the variety as well as the genius of Italian poets, and we cordially recommend Mr. Venosta's book to the attention of students.

Publii Terentii Afri Andria may be placed in the same category as the above. The object of Mr. Travers has been to produce a book suitable to upper-class students in Latin, and especially those reading for matriculation. It is generally admitted, by those whose opinions of value, that a purer style of composition than Terence cannot be put into the hands of a student. Mr. Travers has given valuable matter apart from the actual text of the play. The brief but complete introduction to the metres of the *Andria*, by Mr. Travers, is worth the whole cost of the volume.

We have no hesitation in saying that *Select Odes of Horace* are rendered into English lyrics by Mr. Black with a vigour and heartiness rarely, if ever, surpassed. We remember translations in which there has been quite as strict conformity to the literal, but none in which a translator has more signally harmonised the taste of the scholar with the genius of the original poet.

Latin Exercises. Dictated by the late James Melvin, LL.D., With Latin Idioms and Corrections. By PETER CALDER, A.M. Edinburgh: MacLachlan and Stewart. London: Simpkin and Marshall. This volume, which is supplementary to one already issued, contains a collection of exercises dictated by the late Rector of the Grammar School, Aberdeen, explained and annotated by the present Rector of the Grammar School, Grantown. We presume that the form in which they are intended to be used is first by translation, and then by retranslation into Latin.

Extraits Choisis; or, Selections from Modern French Writers. By the Author of "Amy Herbert." (London: Longmans.)—A useful collection of readings from approved French authors, which we should have appreciated at a higher value if the editor had refrained from paying, in his preface, an indirect compliment to M. Contaneau's Dictionary.

French Readings for Self-Instruction. By Mariot de Beauvoisin. (London: Effingham Wilson.)—A class-book on the Hamiltonian system, consisting of the first book of "Gil Blas," with literal translation and notes.

The State of our Educational Enterprises. By the Rev. W. Fraser. (Glasgow, Edinburgh, and London: Blackie and Son.)—A report by the Rev. W. Fraser, of Paisley, of an examination into the working, results, and tendencies of the chief public educational experiments in Great Britain and Ireland, which, for close reasoning and abundant statistics, may be recommended to all who take an interest in the educational question. This valuable report was published at the request of some influential gentlemen of Glasgow, whose names are subscribed to a requisition which is prefixed to the document.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Kansas; or, Squatter Life and Border Warfare in the Far West. By THOMAS H. GLADSTONE. London: G. Routledge.

THE issue of a second edition of this testimony of an eye-witness to the barbarous state of things in Kansas and Missouri, gives an opportunity of forming a few correct ideas respecting the American form of civilisation which should not be neglected. Mr. Gladstone, for some purpose which we assume to have been connected with trade, travelled through Kansas with his eyes and ears open, and his mouth shut—a precaution which every one who does not wish to have "a chunk of lead" in his vitals as a cure for anti-slavery opinions will do well to follow. His letters have, for the most part, originally appeared in the *Times*, then in a first, and now in a second edition. Considering the publicity which they have already obtained, the wide-spread interest felt in the subject, and the attainable manner in which Messrs. Routledge have offered the little volume to the public, it would be supererogatory to do more than recommend it as a plain, unvarnished, but intensely exciting picture of the most lawless, anomalous, and perplexing state of things into which any community has been thrown, even in the United States of America.

FICTION.

NEW NOVELS.

Heckington. By Mrs. GORE. London: Hurst and Blackett.

Friends at their own Fireside. By Mrs. ELLIS. London: R. Bentley.

Harold Leicester; or, the Latter Days of Henry VII. London: T. C. Newby.

Maud Skillicorne's Penance. By MARY CATHERINE JACKSON. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

The Gilberts and their Guests. By JULIA DAY. London: T. C. Newby.

The Two Buccaneers. By C. F. ARMSTRONG, Esq. London: T. C. Newby.

Hand in Glove. By AMELIA B. EDWARDS. London: J. and C. Brown and Co.

IF Mrs. Gore does not often wander out of the beaten paths of novel-writing, she is at least a very experienced traveller along them. No one understands better than she how to dress the old forms of fashionable life, the old heroes and heroines of drawing-room romance, and the old *banalités* of Belgravia chat, so as to make them appear like something altogether new. No one is more skilful in leading you from the squire's country house to the baronet's town mansion, over the slippery meads of best Brussels and Axminster, through the dangerous passes of conservatory and crush-room, and then deceiving you into the belief that you have been seeing nature and truth in their purity, men and women of God's creation. It must be confessed that *Heckington* turns upon a series of events, such as Mr. Frank Stone would call "the old, old story." We have that tiresome piece of goodness and perfection, Miss Sophia alias Tiny Corbet, a lay figure, which now seems to have become as inevitable in our novels as poor M. de Pène's *sous-lieutenant* at French *soirées*—a human angel who never does or says anything wrong, and who never appears but to be alternately petted and persecuted, to have money and lands left her, and a general compensation, by way of a happy marriage at the end. We have also the old story of a feud between two hot-blooded brothers, encouraged by a cold, stern, and partial mother. We have the venerable statesman, Sir James Armistead, afterwards Lord Higham, of Higham Grange, so reserved, so well-bred, so clever, and who makes such an excellent husband to the young beauty of twenty whom he melts down and then freezes into the mould of a dignified English matron. We have the coarse, designing mother-in-law in Mrs. Horsford, who, after succeeding in all her schemes and marrying all her daughters to wealthy and titled husbands, is most unnaturally left by these modern Regans and Gonerils to pine away in the obscurity of London lodgings. Finally, we have the plain-spoken, eccentric, liberty-taking spinster, Lucretia Rawdon, who interferes in everybody's business—for good of course—speaks her mind out upon all occasions and all topics, and who, if not the *deus ex machina* of the plot, has at least a finger in every pie. These are the materials out of which the story is made up; but to assert that such a description of them is enough to

enable the reader to form an opinion, would be unjust to Mrs. Gore, and untrue to her real merit as a novelist. So skilfully are these old materials managed, such is the art displayed in the contrivance of the incidents and the composition of the dialogue, with such care has the authoress worked in her tableaux of life and character-painting (for there is evidently more than one picture from the life in the book), that we shall be greatly surprised if *Heckington* do not prove to be one of the most popular novels of the season.

In *Friends at their own Fireside*, Mrs. Ellis has endeavoured, and with considerable success, to lay before her readers a series of "pictures of the private life of the people called Quakers." So close is the investigation into the peculiarities of this interesting sect, so carefully are the principles laid bare which separate them from the rest of the world and give to their social organisation a tone and a character quite distinct from everybody else, that we should advise Mrs. Ellis to apply for the reward lately advertised by certain of "the Friends" themselves to the author of the best treatise pointing out the causes of the confessed decline of their body. For that "the Friends" are declining is a fact not concealed by themselves. And is it possible to be otherwise? Is it not rather strange that they should have existed so long? Is it not a remarkable proof of the purity of their manners and the conscientious rectitude of their principles, that a sect which has set itself so much on one side, not only by its peculiar doctrines, but by singularities of language and of dress, has preserved for so long a time its individuality and the respect of all who are acquainted with its members. The general tendency of Mrs. Ellis's story is to point out where the system of "the Friends" is excellent and where deficient. She represents the inner life of an influential family belonging to the sect and of its connections. The outward calm of surface so carefully preserved by the Friends is well personified in Susannah Law, the heroine (if so grand a word can be applicable to so demure a personage) of the story. Reuben Law, the hot-blooded, impetuous youth who rebels against the customs of the sect, and after breaking all rule with his family, returns only to die miserably, is a type of young Quakerism struggling with the old tradition. His father, Jacob Law, represents the sincere and unyielding Friend of the true type, refusing to countenance, even in the person of his own son, the faintest semblance of an innovation. The quiet, orderly, and blameless life of the Friends is admirably illustrated, but their foibles and weaknesses are not overlooked. The result will probably be, that although the reading world will receive the book with interest, the members of the sect itself will not be well pleased at it. But whatever questions may arise as to its fidelity to nature, as to its great literary ability there cannot be the slightest doubt.

The anonymous author (authoress, we suspect) of *Harold Leicester* takes us indeed into a remote age, but the picture is still drawn from fashionable life. Tiny Corbet is replaced by Ethel de Vere, and instead of the Horsfords, the Turbevilles, the Rawdons, and the Emores, we have such names as Daubeney, Leicester, Cantilupe, and Stanley. The fortunes of Lady Ethel do not, however, end so happily as those of the modern heroine; for after many love passages with the hero of the story, she releases her lover in favour of a rival, and is content to spend the rest of her days in one long act of self-sacrifice, by tending the happiness of those who have sacrificed her own. The latter part of the reign of his most gracious and crafty majesty, King Henry VII., is the time in which the story is acted, and the local colouring used proves that the writer has taken no slight pains to render the work an historical painting.

The authoress of *Maud Skillicorne's Penance* brings us back to more modern times, and the story is cast in a mould which has not been too much used. Maud is the widow of a man of fortune, who was considerably her senior, with the added disadvantages of having been stout and bald, and whom she had married for the very common motive of position, and because her father was ruined. A death-bed interview with her husband opens the eyes of Maud to the faults on both sides of such a bargain, and she resolves to atone for those on hers by devoting the rest of her life to the education of her infant boy Basil. The temptations to which a rich and beautiful widow is exposed—the suitors, the insolent pre-

tenders—afterwards a change of circumstances, and the brave front which Maud presents her altered lot—eventually a happy termination, and the reward of the fair penitent by a happy and suitable match—such is the outline of this very simple and life-like story. The character of Maud herself is sketched with a tender and loving hand; that of her sister Josephine, who is intended as a contrast, by representing everything that is frivolous, heartless, and despicable in woman, is perhaps a little too violently drawn. There is a sketch of a vulgar, boasting, would-be Adonis of a country attorney, a certain Mr. Braggleton, evidently taken from the life. Altogether, we may safely pronounce that *Maud Skillicorne's Penance* is a decided advance upon "The Story of my Wardship," which was the last production of Mrs. Jackson's pen. The style is natural, and displays considerable dramatic power.

The Gilberts and their Guests has no very marked qualities either way. A plain, modest tale of English life, in the texture of which the threads of pleasure and sorrow are equally blended, until the final consummation of happy marriage and general rejoicing—the scene cast in the quiet household of an honest and therefore poor attorney (this epigram upon "the profession" is Miss Day's, and not our own)—such is the general nature of a novel which may not perhaps attain any enduring popularity, but which will serve very well to beguile an idle hour or a rainy day.

The Two Buccaneers (as its name imports) is one of those tales of the sea with which Mr. Armstrong has already made a mark in literature. The time is in the early part of the reign of the first George, and the locus on and about the waters of the Mediterranean. What need to trace all the moving accidents on flood that lead up to the happy marriage of Bella Godolphin with Lord Fitzmaurice, and to the merited execution of the ruffian, Barba Rousa? Suffice it to say that they occupy two volumes and a-half of as pleasant and as dashing writing as is to be found in "The Two Midshipmen," "The Warhawk," "The Medora," or any other of Mr. Armstrong's maritime novels. The latter half of the third volume is furnished by a capital little story called "The Bridal at Milor," a tale of Cornish life.

Hand and Glove is a pretty little story in one volume, the subject taken from French provincial life, and treated in an intelligent and affectionate spirit. The authoress has, we perceive, reserved, as usual, the right of translation; but we shall not be surprised to hear that our Gallic neighbours, whose own novelists are just now somewhat idle perforce, have welcomed so charming a sketch of the pleasantest phase of their own social life in the form of a lawful translation.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Anastasia: a Poem. London: Longman, Green, and Co.

ANASTASIA is a poem of which no author need be ashamed, but which bears no author's name. It cannot be modestly dictated the absence of a name; it is rather, to our thinking, the result of conscious power—of a determination to try the honesty of reviewers and the discernment of the public. The greatest painter who ever made nature live again on his glowing canvas was once a pinafores schoolboy, drawing anything but perpendicular houses on his slate, and sketching objects which more resembled housemaids' mops than the trees for which they were intended. Art is progressive, and genius has its dawn and its noon. The author of *Anastasia* comes not before us so suggestively—we may even add so comprehensively—without having written much and destroyed much, for it is a fable not applicable to authors that Minerva sprang fully armed from the fertile brain of Jupiter. This poem smacks of the bold thoughts and weak conceits which made "Aurora Leigh" famous. We go not so far as to declare that Elizabeth Barrett Browning wrote this lengthy poem, but "Aurora Leigh" is the natural and obvious forerunner of *Anastasia*, and bears the family likeness on its strong and decisive features. Even the mannerism is not absent, neither is the strong thought which breaks frequently out into rough uneven apostrophes—a sort of middle course between poetry and prose—but which is certain to lead to some highly finished picture. Neither is there wanting the triumph of soul over the

struggles and pain incident to life—the fiery ordeal through which men and women pass, and passing become sublimated in proportion as they turn not aside, but press courageously upward to the footstool of their God! This portion of the poem is the key-note of all:

Do I reveal
Too much? Ah, no, Alexis! Thou hast learnt
Already, by thine own quick intuitions,
Sublimed in much affliction, things to which
These are but corollaries. Much sweet sense
Comes with maturity of years, to those
Who have had great crushing in their youth.

Setting aside the author's peculiar views on art, and certain conceits which indicate that men and things have been studied from a closet point of view, from scholastic altitude and seclusion, there is real poetic wealth and philosophy in *Anastasia*. A poem of more than 300 pages is formidable just now, and hence we fear that the length of *Anastasia* will operate against its popularity. Few care to read what requires to be read continuously and thoughtfully, and for this we are mainly indebted to periodicals, which dish up scraps with flavour and flourish. It is so very pleasant, after a good dinner, to take a cosy chair and twenty lines of poetry or spiced prose, and then—drop off peaceably into "the land of Nod." The thing is unavoidable; it is quite general with the middle classes who dine at home at middle-day, and are only blest with middling intellects. We shall be content if we can induce any of our readers to dip into this poem, since no one can open five pages without perceiving the light of a superior intelligence. *Anastasia* opens with a powerful chapter, "Alexis among the graves." It is an old story, told with new and marvellous force, of how reluctant human nature is to bear the stings of affliction. Isaura, the beloved, sleeps her last sleep under the sod, and over her moonlit grave stands Alexis, "face to face with destiny," bitterly upbraiding Heaven.

Isaura! In the moonlight, on thy grave,
I testify from my despair to heaven!
With bleeding brow appeal, in my despair,
Against this grave and grief of mine, to heaven!
Isaura! In the silence of this hour,
Upon the clods of clay which crush thee down,
I stand abandoned underneath the stars,
And, with my white face deathened with their dews,
Utter my one protest against the blow.

Vain man! and yet more rash, perhaps, than vain! How few of us, in such a case, are blest with the resignation to cry "Amen" to the will of God! So intense is the grief of Alexis, that he believes all nature must be moved with sympathy—a common error, only requiring ordinary observation to correct. How many out of the busy and eager crowds of our city will even notice the next funeral procession which passes? and how fewer still will perceive that mourners are there with eyes blinded with tears. Yet Alexis believes that even dead matter has its sympathetic throb; and it is a beautiful belief, that we would not rudely dispel. We even feel thankful for the existence of this belief, were it for nothing else than the presence of this graphic passage:

It lifeth up its voice, and speaks to God!
Now the ribbed earth shakes, and the heavens respond,
In deep reverberations making known
Unto the universe that Death hath struck,
And that my peace is slain! Ay—it is known
Wherever eyes have tears, and wounds have tongues,
That the deed hath been done. If not a voice
Had told it from the skies, my corpse-like face—
Struck all a-blaze, as Lebanon's snow-brow
Flashes with anger when a bolt hath hit it—
Would have revealed it.—Hearts make common cause
'Gainst common wrongs. Beneath the level of
All generous natures, in its cavern glows
A red Cocytus of remonstrant fire,
Scarcely kept down by the great surface-weight
Of polished plausible seeming heaped above it.
None can be wronged, but it is felt beyond
The area of the outrage, and ignites
The dangerous elements of resentful ruth
Which estuate in all sympathetic breasts.
If Etna moans, hark! Stromboli complains.
A shudder 'neath the chestnut woods begets
A shiver in Malpasso: a red glance
At night from the Sicilian giant, wakes
A red glare from the lesser Cyclop too.
A pulse of one beats—then straight throbs the other.
Beat for beat, gleam for gleam, trembling for trembling:
And when the wombed Enceladus begins
To heave his mighty flanks—to rise, and roar,
And laugh, and lighten, and terrify men's hearts,
And shed his streams of molten stone for blood,
Then up starts Stromboli, with head erect,
And listens, and makes answer, and shows lights,
Each to each signalling the secrets deep
Now all revealed, and columned up at length
In desolation to their craters' mouths:
Casting their voices forth upon the clouds,
Whose echoes are as warriors' armed feet
Shaking the pavement underneath the sea
With treadings of the gods.

We cannot follow Alexis through all the conditions of life. Enough that time, the healer, and religion, the soother, lift him at length out

of the shadows of existence. He has delightful visions of his beloved in heaven. His stream of life is no longer "tortured nature turned to fire." Not suddenly, but progressively, the crown of thorns on his brow is transposed to a crown of glory. So will it ever be to the trusting and truly pious soul! The name *Anastasia* seems at first to bear no relation to the character of the poem. Only after reading 300 pages do we find that, as God altered Jacob into Israel, so in heaven Isaura is changed to *Anastasia*. We do not like this slight juggle of a name, nor can we see its object. But this is a trifling matter—not so the advice which we offer our reader, viz., to read the poem. It is not for its rich poetic veins or detached images that we recommend its perusal, but for its progressive development. Nothing less than unusual constructive power in the poet could have reared such a stately edifice. If we were required to quote passages in which the beauty of the figure is prominent, we could easily quote such as—

These are sad fancies.
My days drag heavily, as doth a stream,
That, thrust out from its cradle in the hills,
Wanders from side to side, quite out of heart,
Making a weary business of the plain;
Indifferent to all travel, since it opens
Only a wider gulf 'twixt it and home.

Such is not our object, and extracts of any kind from a poem so elaborated would convey but a faint idea of the whole. As well endeavour to prove the stateliness and leafy grandeur of an oak by exhibiting an acorn which grew on one of its branches.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Essays, Sceptical and Antisceptical, on Problems neglected or misconceived. By THOMAS DE QUINCEY. Edinburgh: Hogg. London: Groombridge.

CERTAINLY Thomas de Quincey is one of the most extraordinary men of this or of any century. He is now, as he hints in a part of this volume, about seventy-four years of age, and yet, judging by the additions and corrections he has here made to his former papers, as well as by what we know from private sources of information, he is as fresh and strong in intellect as ever he was. He seems to lead a "charmed life"—a life charmed against the destructive power of opium, against the influences of severe study, against a thousand vicissitudes of fortune, and against the corroding and the cankering force of time. Of late he is said to have absolutely renewed his youth too.

Fortuna tanquam sera respicit. And we join with all who believe that whatever may have been the blunders of his life, he has a warm heart beating in his bosom, as well as a mighty intellect working in his brain, in fervently wishing that his Indian summer may long continue to shine!

The essays before us have all, without exception, appeared in periodicals—one of them as far back as Sept. 1823, in the defunct *London Magazine*, several of the others in *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, while it was still a palmy periodical, and the rest in *Blackwood*.

Turning back to the number of the *London Magazine*, and comparing it with De Quincey's "Walking Stewart" in this volume, which appeared originally there, we find that De Quincey has done little or nothing but reprint the paper. It contains a short but entertaining account of a strange character, named John Stewart, who shone as a peripatetic philosopher in the most extensive sense of these terms—having actually perambulated on foot the greater part of the globe ere he was forty, and having besides excoagitated a system of thought which our author characterises as sublime, although erroneous, being a shape of Spinozism, spun entirely, however, out of his own brain. He is described, too, as a man of uncommon eloquence, and as in character eminently unworldly, child-like, simple-minded, and upright. We regret that, as Stewart's works have sunk into utter oblivion—indeed, were never known beyond the most limited circle of readers—and as De Quincey seems to possess what is probably the sole surviving copy—that he had not supplied a few more and lengthier extracts to illustrate and confirm the character he has given them as productions of extraordinary genius. Those extracts he does quote leave on us the impression that the man was not only cracked, but *ripen*, although from some inscrutable reason his only cage of confinement was the "wide, wide

world." He was, according to himself, "John Stewart, the only man of nature that ever appeared in the world;" which reminds you of Sir Toby Belch claiming for Sir Andrew Aguecheek "all the good gifts of nature," to which Maria answers "He hath indeed, almost natural." We can't, for the life of us, see anything very interesting about "Walking Stewart," with the exception of his peripatetic achievements. His blasphemies were such as are often, alas! heard within the walls of lunatic asylums, to which too such *niaiserie*s as De Quincey reports him to have uttered, about "prostitution being simply a part of the equipage of common life," are no strangers. To compare him to Shelley is simply ridiculous. Shelley had a sound, clear intellect at bottom, which became morbid through mistaken opinions, opium indulgences, and premature miseries, but which was working itself clear when he was cut off; whereas Stewart's mind was warped *ab origine*. Shelley was the least, and Stewart the most egotistical of men. Shelley was wretched to a degree, which proved that morbidity was not natural to him; whereas Stewart was as happy in his craze as the day was long and the world was large. Shelley went mad at one dire crisis of his life, but Stewart never could have turned much madder than he was. It was, on the whole, singularly fortunate for this walking man or monster, "this man of genius without talent," that he crossed De Quincey's path, and was caught on his marble tablets—for this restless fly that it buzzed near him in the Bath pump-room, and is now preserved in his amber for ever.

The second paper is on Marquis Wellesley, and compared to the subject, so interesting at present owing to the Indian war, and to the talents of the writer, will be thought trifling, and hardly worth reproduction. The third is a review of Schlosser's "Literary History of the Eighteenth Century." It appeared in a series of papers in *Tait* in 1847, and was much admired at the time. It not only damages effectually the character of the book reviewed—a work of intolerable pretensions and thick-swarming blunders—but is itself an important contribution to the history of literature. He commences by expressing a strong opinion as to the degree to which German criticism has, with everything else that is German, been overrated in this country. There are about the German writers a show of universal learning, a philosophic pretension, an everlasting use of scientific phraseology, a careful avoidance of commonplace in expression, even when the thoughts are stale and musty, which, when they do not disgust, are apt to deceive our plain British understandings. Hence, while such really great writers as Goethe, Schiller, Jean Paul Richter, Fichte, and Neander have been welcomed with an enthusiasm even greater than their deserts, a number of inferior "children of the mist," such as the Schlegels, Schlosser, Ulrici, Von Ranmer, &c. have been permitted to assume an authority to which they were not entitled, and to dogmatise on subjects, such as British literature, on which they had read a great deal, but of which they knew far less than they pretended. De Quincey has always set himself to expose the current "German silver," while he has praised the sterling metal of that country.

Previous to experience, we might have predicted that a modern German would not appreciate the British literature of the eighteenth century—its peculiar merits of clearness of thought, ease, and simplicity of expression, and classical calm and coolness of spirit, being so opposite to the exaggeration, the "double-double toil and trouble," the mistiness, and the affectation, now of enthusiasm and now of learning, by which many of the Teutonic authors are distinguished. De Quincey, accordingly, shows Schlosser blundering all down the eighteenth century, and presenting bad caricatures instead of good portraits of its leading writers—calling "Gulliver's Travels" tedious, and its style "dull," imagining that Addison's "Cato" was once as much admired as the masterpieces of Shakspeare; accusing Pope of pocketing the subscriptions for the "Odyssey," and then leaving the work to be done by inferior hands; finding out Fox to be a greater man than Burke, and so forth. At the same time De Quincey has himself, we think, once or twice fallen into mistakes. In connection with these, however, let us notice some points on which he has told the truth with singular emphasis and power.

First, we thank him for acknowledging the native sympathy with grandeur which dwelt in

Addison, although checked in its utterance by constitutional timidity and the influences of a low and artificial age. We may say of him what Scott says of Campbell, "he has wings that would bear him to the skies, and he does now and then spread them grandly, but folds them up again and resumes his perch, as if he were afraid to launch away." Thus does Addison, in his vision of Mirza, and several of his exquisite allegories, in parts of his essay on the "Pleasures of Imagination," and in some of his Saturday "Spectators," discover genius capable of almost the loftiest flights; but he shrinks back and seems terrified at the shadow of his own outspread wings. De Quincey speaks of him "blushing at any expression of sympathy with the lovely, the noble, or the impassioned." He should have noticed, however, the charm which this bashfulness gives to Addison's writing. What more delightful than the blush of a precocious boy, or of a beautiful young female, when giving utterance to some little burst of insight, or of tenderness and lofty emotion in company? It covers the sentiment with glory. And so with the delicious confusion and look of frightened circumspection with which Addison utters his truest inspirations. You see this even in his praise of Milton. Yet if the language of his panegyric be weak, how fine the spirit it discovers, and how bold in such a timid man in such an age praising the most daring of poets and the most uncompromising of republicans and regicides! Our author accuses Addison of not reading or liking Shakspeare. He may not, indeed, have quoted him so often as Steele does in the "Spectator," but that he admired him is certain from a passage in the essay on "The Pleasures of Imagination" (which, by the way, occurs a few pages after the words in reference to Milton having "built a great palace in brick," on which De Quincey comments). The words are these: "Among the English, Shakspeare has incomparably excelled all others. That noble extravagance of fancy which he had in so great perfection, so thoroughly qualified him to touch the superstitious part of his reader's imagination, and made him capable of succeeding where he had nothing to support him beside the strength of his own genius. There is something so wild and yet so solemn in the speeches of his ghosts, fairies, witches, and the like imaginary persons, that we cannot forbear thinking them natural, though we have no rule by which to judge them, and must confess, if there are such beings in the world, it looks highly probably they should talk and act as he has represented them." If he did, notwithstanding, prefer Milton to Shakspeare, the reason lies probably in the religious sympathy which he felt with the former. De Quincey speaks as if Shakspeare suggested to Addison's sensitive taste a certain feeling of the ludicrous. And yet it is remarkable that in the passage newly quoted he seems to admire Shakspeare chiefly for those parts of his writings in which he borders upon the ridiculous, and to rejoice most in the most fantastic creations of his genius.

Let us thank De Quincey again for his oft-repeated and eloquent vindications of Burke's immeasurable superiority, not only over Fox, Pitt, *et hoc omne genus*, but over all the British men of his day and generation. He calls Fox the pilot, and Burke the Orpheus of the State Argo. This is so far a happy comparison; but it were perhaps more consistent with truth to call Pitt the pilot that weathered the storm; Fox, a pilot whom the storm weathered; and Burke the genius of the ship, whose figurehead served like a guardian angel to guide it through in safety. Our author contests with Schlosser the question as to Burke's popularity in his own period, and here we venture to assert that both are in different measures mistaken. Schlosser maintains that Burke was amazingly popular in his own day, and has become less so since; De Quincey that he was not popular in his own age, but has recently become so to an enormous extent. Now, the truth is, that during the American war Burke was not only popular, but formidable, as the most powerful opponent of that war, and as the acknowledged agent of the Republicans. He stood then on a pedestal, the loftiest in the empire, and therefore in the world. Chatham was long past his best; Fox and Pitt had not come to theirs; while Burke was in the very prime of his years and his genius. His popularity, with a few fluctuations, continued till after the defeat of Fox's India Bill. It was after this that he procured the title, to which De Quincey refers, of the "dinner-bell;" and that when on one occasion interrupted in the coarsest

manner by some country gentleman, he rushed out of the House in silent indignation, which made George Selwyn exclaim, "Never before did I see the fable realised—the lion put to flight by the braying of an ass." His unpopularity continued to deepen for several years, although the brilliance of his opening speech in the Hastings case threw a glare of glory around him for the time, and it came to a point during the debates on the Regency question, in the course of which he displayed extreme exasperation of temper and intemperance of language. But then broke out the French revolution, and Burke's genius, half terrified and half inspired by this portentous phenomenon, arose in its might. It was Etna awakening Vesuvius, and his "Reflections" became the most popular work that had appeared for centuries; and had he not almost immediately retired from Parliament, he might have again resumed the leading position there. As it was, his work sold in thousands; answers and defences swarmed in hundreds; it was translated into French, and read over all Europe; and from many crowned heads, such as the Emperor of Germany, the Princes of the House of Bourbon, George III., Catherine of Russia, and Stanislaus of Poland, came flattering words, or presents, more intoxicating still. "It rained gold snuff-boxes." So that thus De Quincey is incorrect in saying that "Burke was not popular in his generation," and Schlosser in asserting that he was *always* so. In the course of his public life, like Byron and some others, he was now at the bottom and now at the top of the wheel; and alternated thus not once merely, but time after time.

De Quincey, too, probably errs in what he says of Burke's present popularity. Popular in the sense of Addison or Johnson, of Bunyan and Goldsmith, or even in the sense of De Lolme, Paley, and Junius, he is not. His works are in most public libraries, and in all first-rate private ones, but are, we fear, but little read. Consulted they are pretty often by sucking statesmen and the higher class of newspaper writers; but few, too few, hang and brood over their pages like bees on mountain flowers. It would be otherwise were men more generally aware of their treasures of profound philosophical and practical thought; of their general clearness and ever-living vigour and elasticity of style; of their sense, fancy, wisdom, manliness, and genius. As it is, we seldom meet with any of his writings in the houses of the many, whether vulgar or genteel, except his "Reflections," and his "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful;" and we have been partly annoyed and partly amused of late to notice how Ruskin, in one place, classes him with the second order of thinkers, and Professor Blackie candidly confesses that he has not even read his treatise on the "Sublime and Beautiful!" This proves that Burke has not yet gathered all his fame, and that still, to use De Quincey's striking expression, "in seeking to reach a remote posterity, it is necessary for him to throw his voice over to them in a vast arch—it must sweep a parabola, which therefore rises high above the heads of those that stand next to him, and is heard by the bystanders but indistinctly, like bees swarming in the upper air before they settle on the spot fit for living." Justice has been done to Burke's great political knowledge, to his eloquence, to his wisdom, to his fancy, wit, and imagination; but he has yet to be appreciated, and his works to be explored on account of those glancing side-lights of illumination, on a vast variety of general subjects, such as art, the principles of human nature, history, literature, and even science; and on account of that rich marrow of meaning which gathers in and often distils over his page—and which still, more than his bravuras of oratory, or his gigantic gladiatorship in argument, displays the marvellous strength and infinite resources of his genius.

De Quincey calls Pope by far the most important writer, English or Continental, of his own age. Here we must again join issue with him. As to the Continent, Voltaire had commenced his career a considerable time ere Pope closed his; and what comparison between the two in importance? Pope tickled the fancy and charmed the taste, but Voltaire impressed—falsely, injuriously, but still deeply—the opinions of his age. Pope aspired to refine the literature and to revolutionise a few of the modes of the day; Voltaire revolutionised the entire politics and religion of the Continent.

In Britain, again, we consider Addison to have

exerted as great and a much more benignant influence than Pope. Pope wrote principally for the aristocracy and for literary men; Addison, besides addressing these with much effect, appealed in his "Spectators" to the middle class—was, in fact, after Defoe, the first British author who did so—and his power over that class was as healthful as great, and is even yet not entirely lost. It is true that he generally speaks, as De Quincey says, not of "the world" but of "the town;" but his writings were not confined to the town, they were gradually diffused over the country—and wherever they went they sweetened the tone of morality, they advocated purity of feeling, they circulated a sound catholic taste in literature, and they inculcated reverence for God and for the Gospel of Jesus Christ. On this latter point we are willing to stake the question of the relative importance of Pope and Addison. Pope, although moral in spirit, is often coarse in language; Addison is refined in both. Pope's religion, as far as we can ascertain that he had any, is a kind of elegant compound of Paganism and Spinozism, baptised with a few drops of the holy water of Popery. Addison's is a simple, child-like Christianity, and his writings did a great deal to preserve and extend the religion of his country, and along with Johnson's works, Cowper's poems, and the noble apologetics of our Christian divines in the eighteenth century, had a large share in protecting us from the vortex of Continental infidelity. In a country so practical as Britain, besides, prose always exerts more power than poetry. Pope's best works, being in verse, could not and did not exert so much influence as Addison's prose "Spectators." True, Pope's "Universal Prayer" and the "Vision of Mirza" were side by side in every collection, in every school; but the latter was far more admired and more frequently recurred to, and for one reader for the "Essay on Criticism," or the "Dunciad," there were two for the papers on the "Pleasures of Imagination" and the essays on the "Immortality of the Soul." By the way, why does De Quincey always speak of Addison's "Blenheim?" We suppose he means the "Campaign," which, so far as we remember, never bore the title of "Blenheim," although, of course, it contained references to that battle.

We think our author unjust to the "Essay on Criticism." It is, indeed, as he says, and in this point it resembles all Macaulay's literary papers, a collection of commonplaces; but surely the terseness with which these are expressed, and the vigour and felicity with which they are illustrated, are, especially considering the age (twenty-two) when it was written, deserving of much praise. And what can De Quincey object to in the following noble lines:

Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier days,
Immortal heirs of universal praise!
Whose honours with increase of ages grow
As streams roll down enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found.
Oh, may some spark of your celestial fire
The last, the meanest of your sons inspire;
(That on weak wings from far, pursues your flights,
Gleams while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
To teach vain wit a science little known,
To admire superior sense, and doubt their own.

Pope, we venture to affirm, has nothing elsewhere finer than this, either in spirit or in expression.

On the other hand, De Quincey seems to overrate the "Dunciad." Addison calls "Paradise Lost" a palace built in brick. The "Dunciad" is one of very subordinate size, built in mud. The real objection to it is not the one stated by Schlosser, that it embalms fools and mere flies in amber, since, as De Quincey shows, some of the so-called Dunces, Cibber and Aaron Hill, for instance, were clever and celebrated men, and others of them such master spirits as Samuel Clarke, Thomas Burnet of the Charter-house, and Richard Bentley. The "Dunciad," in this point, resembled Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," where such small fry as Hewson Clarke, Amos Cottle, Hayley, and Fitzgerald are massed up in the same summary perdition with Southey and Coleridge, Jeffrey and Scott. And this, in fact, suggests the real objection to all such satires. They are not only malignant, but indiscriminating; they defy all literary proportion; they clash together the highest and the lowest claims in one common contempt. It is true that the influence of these allusions is temporary, and that the public mind soon rights itself in reference to the positive and comparative merits of the authors assailed, but they do much mischief at the time, far too much to be counterbalanced by the mere relief they have furnished to the overcharged

bile of their authors. In the "Dunciad" the venom assumes elegant forms, and is accompanied by choicest and tersest phraseology; but it remains venom still, and while the immortality of the poem fails to injure the fame of the true writers whom it has attacked, it perpetuates the fact that Pope was little enough, from personal or party spites, to assail men who were equal or superior to himself.

Careless of De Quincey's vengeance, or of those of Pope's other idolaters, we venture farther to maintain, that many portions of the "Dunciad" are dull and dunce-like, that its plan is bad, that its best parts are, if not borrowed, imitated slavishly from Dryden, and that its closing lines, (bepraised so much by Thackeray, who waxes for once silly enthusiastic on the subject, finding in them "the brightest ardour, the loftiest assertion of truth, the most generous wisdom, heroic courage-speaking, a splendid declaration of righteous wrath, the gage flung down, the silver trumpet ringing defiance—it is Truth, the champion—it is a wonderful single combat"!!!) are a hubbub of words and mixed metaphors, and without a spark of genuine poetry.

In vain, in vain—the all composing hour
Resistless falls: the Muse obeys the power,
She comes! she comes! the sable throne behold
Of Night primeval, and of Chaos old.

Pope, by the way, alters the sex of Dullness, which Dryden, in MacFleckne, had decided to be masculine in lines worth all the "Dunciad" put together, and which we quote:

The sire then shook the honours of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion shed,
Full on the filial dullness—long he stood,
Repelling from his breast the raging God.

Is it not too bad, and shamefully ungallant, although perhaps characteristic of Pope, to seat a female on the throne of Dullness?

Before her Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying rainbows die away;
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.

Pretty, but nothing more, and inconsistent, besides, with what follows. The four lines just quoted describe the triumph of Dullness as instantaneous, whereas the next make it gradual:

As, one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
The sick'ning stars fade off the ethereal plain,
As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppressed,
Closed one by one to everlasting rest;
Thus at her fell approach and secret might
Art after art goes out, and all is night.

How feeble the two words "fell" and "secret," as well as contradictory to each other!

See skulking Truth, to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of casuistry heaped o'er her head.

Truth used to dwell in a well, but Pope chases her to a dry cavern, and there heaps "mountains of casuistry" over her head, without much regard to rhythm or euphony in the process.

Philosophy, that lean'd on Heaven before,
Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.

Is this a dignified image of Philosophy? like a dame that had been leaning on an old gentleman's arm, which suddenly becoming powerless, she sinks in the mire and is "no more."

Physic of Metaphysic begs defence,
And Metaphysic calls for aid of Sense!
See Mystery to Mathematics fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And unawares Morality expires.

What a medley have we here! Physic, metaphysic, sense, mystery, and mathematics all going mad together, and then, like the Kilkenny cats, we suppose, devouring each other. Meanwhile Religion "blushing, veils her sacred fires;" but Morality has a worse fate, for having, we presume, got drunk, she "expires unawares!"

Nor public flame, nor private dares to shine,
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine.

Who ever heard before of "public" or "private" flames? Is the public flame an oil-lamp in the streets of London, and the private that of the poet's own brazier for preparing lobsters?

The last four lines are much better, although only an expansion of Shakspeare's:

And Darkness be the burier of the dead!
Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos, is restored;
Light dies before thy uncreating word.
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall,
And universal darkness buries all.

We abhor, in general, minute verbal criticism in matters of poetry; but critics so constantly prate of Pope's correctness, and both Thackeray and De Quincey have so much overrated the "Dunciad"—and its closing lines in particular—that we have been tempted to try the process upon this passage—a passage which has evidently

been elaborated with the greatest care, and which certainly sounds well.

We find we have left ourselves no room for dilating on the succeeding papers in this very able volume. These are much more learned and laboured than the first three, and treat, with varied power and success, of Protestantism, of the Pagan oracles, of Hume's arguments against miracles, of casuistry, and of Greece under the Romans. Taking these five papers as a whole, we are inclined to rate them as the most profound, subtle, and philosophical compositions which have hitherto been published in this series. They treat of the weightiest matters, they are full of close argumentation and recondite learning, and yet are delightfully diversified with wit, humour, ear-casm, and conversational badinage, besides being irradiated on the turning of almost every page with gleams of fancy or imagination.

APOLLODORUS.

Jerusalem: Bishop Gobat, in re Hanna Hadoub; with original Documents detailing the case. London: Masters.

Jerusalem: its Missions, Schools, Converts, &c., under Bishop Gobat. By JAMES GRAHAM, late Lay Secretary to the London Jews' Society in Palestine. London: Batten; and Simpkin and Marshall.

THE Protestant Mission in Jerusalem, as most of our readers are aware, from leading articles, letters, and paragraphs in the different journals, has lately suffered considerably in public estimation. First, all our ideas of propriety were shocked by the announcement that the bishop himself had been placed under arrest by the British consul, Mr. Finn; but the source whence the information flowed (namely, the *Morning Advertiser*) being none of the purest, we were not astonished in a short time to find that this was pure invention. Bishop Gobat was not imprisoned, but merely forbidden, in accordance with consular law, to remove from Jerusalem before answering a charge of libel brought against him and others by one Simeon Rosenthal, a resident in that city. Rosenthal, it seems, was the first convert to Protestantism from among the Jews of Palestine, having been baptised, together with his wife and family, as far back as the year 1830. Ever since that time he has conducted himself, according to the testimony of credible witnesses, in a most becoming and respectable manner. Not only the residents in, but the visitors to, the Holy City speak of him in the highest terms. For some years he has been the proprietor of an hotel on Mount Zion (how strange the words sound!) conducted upon the European model, and in which hundreds of travellers attest that they have experienced all that comfort and attention so rarely to be met with in Eastern hostelries. He has also acted for a considerable time as dragoman to the British consul, who speaks in the highest terms of his fidelity, intelligence, and general respectability. With all these testimonies in his favour, however, poor Rosenthal has had the misfortune in some way or other to offend the bishop; and this Anglo-Prussian or Prusso-Anglican prelate has chosen to exhibit towards him such an excess of hostility, that Rosenthal, for the protection of his character, and to preserve to himself and family their means of subsistence, at length felt himself compelled to institute legal proceedings against him. This surely was a straightforward course, of which no Englishman can disapprove. And so thought the authorities at the Foreign-office, who wrote out to the British consul, authorising the prosecution. Upon this Mr. Consul Finn, a gentleman whose high character forbids us for one moment to suppose that he would be guilty of anything like partiality or illegality in an affair of such moment, referred the prosecution to take place before the Supreme Consular Judge at Constantinople, and meanwhile directed that Bishop Gobat, and the other parties implicated, should not leave Jerusalem without authority given from the consul-general at Beyrout, Mr. Finn's immediate superior. But now comes a new and strange phase in the proceedings. Before the *Record* and the *Morning Advertiser* have had time to rouse up the indignation of their readers, at the spectacle of a Christian bishop imprisoned in a loathsome dungeon by order of a British consul, Simeon Rosenthal himself, the plaintiff in the case, whose character has been defamed, and who seeks for a reasonable remedy, is really seized, and really imprisoned, by the Prussian consul at Jerusalem

—upon what show of justice we cannot say—and although now at liberty, it is only upon heavy bail, after fourteen days' incarceration. Such a gross outrage has, of course, called forth considerable animadversion, and has operated to bring out many other circumstances relative to Bishop Gobat, at whose instigation, it is said, that Rosenthal has been incarcerated.

True, he was offered his freedom, but only upon condition that he signed a paper, promising to abandon the prosecution against the bishop. This, however, was a condition with which, we are happy to say, that Rosenthal had the firmness not to comply. At his last examination the following dialogue occurred: "Will you withdraw your lawsuit?" "No, never." "Don't you know, that I can and will send you to a house of correction (*Zuchthaus*) in Prussia, where you will have to spin wool?" "Very well." "Will you sign, then?" "No, never."

Up to this moment, the Bishop of Jerusalem has appeared merely in the character of a "persecutor of the brethren," but now we have lying before us a pamphlet in which he by no means shines as a protector of the ungodly. Mr. Holman Hunt, the author of this pamphlet, is the distinguished artist whose picture of the "Scapegoat" attracted so much attention two years ago in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, and who could not possibly have produced such a triumph of art without having made himself practically familiar with the Desert of Sinai or *Sin*. This, however, was not the only *sin* with which it was his lot to become acquainted during his residence in the Holy Land. Mr. Hunt resided in Jerusalem or its neighbourhood from early in 1854 to October 1855, during which time he had abundant opportunities of observing the working of the Protestant Mission in that city. There were at that time as many as ten or eleven missionaries and teachers in Jerusalem, Bishop Gobat being at their head. "The congregation attending the church was composed of converts from Judaism, and from the Greek and Latin Churches; and with the German brotherhood, the German sisterhood, teachers, tradespeople, children, and others, averaged about 150." With every inclination to think well of those around him, it was not long before our artist and author was obliged to discard any favourable impression he might have entertained with respect to the proselytes generally, while his "faith in the judgment and frankness of the missionaries was destroyed by the nature of the reports of Jerusalem affairs published by them in English missionary journals, and by their mutual most childish jealousies." Among the proselytes was one Hanna Hadoub, of whom he tells us: "Hanna Hadoub's antecedents were of a nature fitted to excite suspicion. Born of immoral parents, his early training was of the worst kind, and he seems to have been from childhood initiated into vice. As he grew up, he was known in Jerusalem as one of its most disreputable characters; so that when some of the inhabitants were questioned as to their knowledge of his crimes, they replied, 'Ask the stones, and they will tell you.' In early life, as it was averred, he lived in part by the prostitution of his mother and sisters, and later by that of his first two wives; whose death was believed, not without strong evidence, to have thus (thence) resulted." This man, it seems, was admitted a member of the Anglican congregation by Bishop Gobat, having previously belonged to the Latin Church; and to the Latin Church he returned, in order to effect his marriage with a second wife, "which the bishop accounts for by stating that he had excommunicated him from the Anglican Church in consequence of a charge of felony. He seems still to have persisted in his old course of crime, and by means of it he grew rich, so as to be able to live in some style." In 1853, however, he was again admitted by Bishop Gobat into the English congregation. In 1854 his second wife died, and in the winter of 1854-55 he resolved upon a third wife. His choice this time fell upon a young creature named Sophia Nicola, only fourteen years old, brought up at the bishop's school, and whose father was dead. Her mother, a woman of low standing and intellect, it appears, approved of the match; but her elder brother, Issa, strongly objected to it, from the notoriously bad character of her proposed husband. Still the match went forward, until, hearing of what was about to take place, Mr. Hunt and others, fearful of the evil consequences to the poor girl, made a strong representation upon the subject to the bishop. Upon this an examination took place with reference to the

conduct of Hanna Hadoub—the result being that Mr. Nicolayson struck out the bans in his register, and recommended that Hanna Hadoub should be suspended from Church privileges for a year, so that the marriage could not be effected in Jerusalem." And now comes the serious charge against Bishop Gobat: namely, that by his advice or instigation, during the absence of the girl's brother at Jaffa, she was secretly conveyed away from Jerusalem to Nazareth, and there married without bans by the minister of the Church Missionary Society. In a long correspondence which followed upon this between the bishop, Mr. Nicolayson, and Mr. Hunt, the bishop takes great pains to justify himself for the course he pursued. He signally fails, however, in the attempt; and so much disgusted are we with the tone of his letters, that we shall not trust ourselves to characterise them as we feel they deserve. Whatever may have been his motives, no one's judgment could have been more woefully at fault, as appears by the sequel,—for this same Hanna Hadoub has fitly ended his career by being sent to the hulks for life, "as principal in a burglary with violence, committed in the house of a watchmaker in Jerusalem."

We cannot conclude without expressing to Mr. Hunt how much indebted we feel to him for his manly and independent exposure of this filthy transaction. After what has been stated by him with reference to the case of Hanna Hadoub, and what has also occurred in the case of Rosenthal, we are persuaded that matters cannot rest as they are. Either such an institution as the Protestant Episcopate in Jerusalem has no right to exist, or Bishop Gobat is not the man to discharge its functions. *Caveant quibus cavendum sit!*

Since writing the above we have received Mr. Graham's pamphlet, which fully confirms Mr. Hunt's statement respecting Hanna Hadoub; while it exposes such a state of affairs in the Mission Schools that we wonder with what face the committee of the "Jews' Society" here at home can ask for money to support them.

Mr. Graham went out to Jerusalem in the capacity of lay secretary of the society in 1853; and because he refused to shut his eyes to the glaring evils and abuses he saw everywhere attending the mission, he drew down upon himself the bishop's displeasure. The consequence is, that Mr. Graham has been removed from his post, while, under the present management of the society, there is small chance of the evils he complains of being eradicated or the abuses remedied.

Practical and Economical Cookery. By Mrs. SMITH. London: Chapman and Hall.

WITHOUT intending the slightest disrespect towards Mrs. Smith, who informs us in her title-page that she has been for "forty years professed cook to most of the leading families in the metropolis," or to the long list of ladies whose names appear as subscribers to her book, we must declare that there is amply sufficient in the portrait which she has had the daring to put forward to account for the nomadic manner in which, according to her own confession, she has spent the long years of her culinary experience. A month's warning or a month's wages is written in every wrinkle of a countenance, that must have struck terror, in its time, into the hearts of many a young mistress in those "leading families." Taking her as the type of a class, we are inclined to think that Mrs. Smith is a fair specimen of what is generally called, in the *WANT* column of the *Times*, "a plain cook,"—a cook of the English school, knowing little beyond the rude national dishes of her country, jealous of interference, resentful of advice, distrustful of "furreneering kickshaws," a great stickler for plain roast and boiled; a cook, in fact, who may indeed satisfy the appetite of a British *gourmand*, even in the form of its highest type, a thoroughbred London alderman, but who has neither the knowledge nor the delicacy to satisfy the correct palate of a refined student of the gastronomic art.

There is something quite refreshing in the simplicity with which Mrs. Smith parades her feeble lights as if they were of the first magnitude. "Having seen," says she, "the great want of a work on plain and practical cookery, I was induced to bring my receipts before the public. My long experience and practice, together with the patronage I have so long enjoyed, will of itself be sufficient proof as to my ability to write such a book. I admit there are a number of books

already in print upon this subject, some of which have been popular in their day; but as the art of cooking, like every other art, in course of time changes, and in this age of progress improves, so I am led to believe my work will show great progress in this important art." Bearing in mind, as we do, the immortal works of Mrs. Glasse and Mrs. Rundell, the Oracle of Dr. Kitchener, the elaborate treatises of Ude and the great Carême, the useful manual of Mrs. Acton, the popular volumes of M. Soyer, the capital little handbook of Joseph Bregon and Ann Miller, the recent cookery-book of Frauncatelli, and last, though not least, the incomparable work of Mrs. Meg Dods, of the Cleikum-inn, Aberfoyle, these are no light pretensions on the part of Mrs. Smith. For the ex-cook of an alderman to supersede all these high authorities is no small matter, and we must confess that we did not feel any very exalted expectations as to her powers of justifying the boast, when we found that Mrs. Smith took great credit to herself for assuming a simplicity in her style. "I have studied to express myself," says she, in her dedication to her former mistress, Lady Carroll, "so as to be understood by the meanest capacity." Really this is very condescending, for it implies that, if Mrs. Smith had so chosen, she could have couched her receipts in language as inscrutable as that of Immanuel Kant.

After a careful examination of the work which is introduced with such a flourish of trumpets, we are compelled to declare that, so far from adding to the information supplied by the works above named, it is of the most elementary character, and very imperfect as such. For a work which is aimed so highly, and which does not number two hundred pages altogether, it must be admitted that such receipts as the following are somewhat trivial and out of place:

TO BOIL EGGS.

Put a pint of water into a saucepan over the fire, let it boil, put in the eggs with a spoon, boil for three minutes and a-half; take them up and wipe clean. Put them into egg-cups the large size (side?) uppermost.

In justice to Mrs. Smith, it must be admitted that nothing like the above receipt is to be found in any of the works we have mentioned. Whether or not it is a mark of "great progress" is another question.

Glancing over the heads "Soup" and "Fish," it may be noted that Mrs. Smith entirely ignores the existence of fish soups and fish-pies, two of the most wholesome and attainable classes of delicacies known to culinary art. It is true that under the head of Pastry we find mention made of oyster and lobster patties; but such dishes as oyster, lobster, and sole pies, shrimp pudding, oyster and lobster soups, are entirely omitted. Even the homely and economical *béchamel* and the appetising fish salad, so useful in using up cold remains, are scrupulously avoided. It may be, however, that the natural antipathy of the native cook against any mode of using remains for any but perquisitory purposes may account for this.

In looking over the soups we notice several proofs of the very imperfect nature of Mrs. Smith's practice. Where she recommends that the hare for hare soup should not be "too high," she should have said "not high at all;" and when she adds, "as another way" of preparing that delicacy, that a cold hare stewed again may be pulped into the soup—that is as much as to imply that the soup originally was not strong enough. Again, who but an English cookmaid would recommend "buttered toast cut in dice" as an accompaniment for vegetable soups? Fried toast is the proper thing. Or who would use the salt beef liquor for pea soup? These solecisms are bad enough; but what shall we say of Scotch broth being served up with *whole mutton chops*, and without a pinch of seasoning? Or of mutton-broth made with rice in lieu of barley? Even this, however, pales before the unpardonable fault of giving a receipt for rumpsteak puddings without giving the option of including kidneys, or mushrooms, or mushroom-catsup. Some of the simplest of our family dishes—such as *alamode* beef, minced veal, *toad-in-the-hole*—are utterly neglected by this plainest of cooks.

If ever Mrs. Smith's work should attain to the honour of a second edition, it will need very considerable amendment and alteration. With a great deal of both, it may possibly be made a useful elementary handbook; but the idea of surpassing, or even approaching such a work as Meg Dods's, is simply ridiculous.

Essays, by the late George Brimley, M.A. Edited by WILLIAM GEORGE CLARK, M.A. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. London: J. W. Parker and Son.

It is but a poor compliment to say that the author of these collected essays was known far beyond academical circles, not only as a cultivated and accomplished scholar, but as one of the most amiable and conscientious of men. For some years past he has fulfilled the office of librarian to Trinity College, a post conferred on him by the authorities of that college as some compensation for the disappointment which he experienced when failing health compelled him to decline competing for honours. As the duties of that office afforded him both time and opportunity for literary labour, and as that kind of work was perfectly congenial to his disposition, Mr. Brimley contributed occasionally to the periodical press; and it is from the articles so contributed that the contents of the present volume have been selected—selected with a judicious care which does great credit to Mr. Clark, to whom the labour has evidently been one of love. It is impossible to read the series without perceiving that Mr. Brimley was one of those critics (so rare, alas! among journalists) with whom the duty of criticism was one to be solemnly and conscientiously performed. It is evident that he never sat down to criticise a work without not only assuring himself that he understood the subject dealt with, but also the views of the author upon whose labours he was called upon to pronounce. The consequence is that there is no dippancy, no inaccuracy of statement, no unkindness in his judgments. Seldom is there anything inconsi-

dered and never anything unconsidered in them; on the contrary, everything is weighed and has its due importance assigned to it. Whilst he never hesitates to point out a fault, he is ever more ready to detect a beauty; and though he never scruples to tell the author where his work is defective, he seems never to lose sight of the fact that a man who writes a work in a conscientious spirit, is, after all, deserving of credit even for his attempt. Happy and creditable would it be for the periodical press if we could boast of more men to exercise the critical function so mercifully and yet so well.

The *Essays* forming the present collection are selected from the pages of the *Cambridge Essays*, *Fraser's Magazine*, and the *Spectator*. That on the poems of Tennyson, which appeared in the *Cambridge Essays* for 1855, will be remembered as one of the finest analyses of the Laureate's merits ever published.

The Politics and the Political Economy of Weak Governments, by F. C. (Hardwicke), is a political essay to prove the somewhat curious thesis that "the country is ripe for, and is sighing after, a Tory government."

The Presbyterian and Protestant Dissenter in the Army and Navy. By the Rev. Richard Dill, A.M. (London: John Snow.)—The case which Mr. Dill endeavours to establish in this little volume is, that the Presbyterian and Protestant Dissenter is worse treated in the British army and navy than either the member of the Established Church or the Roman Catholic. We must leave the verdict to those who are better acquainted with the facts than ourselves.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

The Celt (Dublin: O'Daly) is, as its name imports, intensely national in its tendencies. The May number opens with an article on "A National Organisation for Ireland," in which "a National Council," whose function is to be "to teach, advise, suggest, and guide in all political questions having relation to the country or to the duties of Irishmen," is recommended as the proper nostrum for Ireland's wrongs. An article on "Irish Ornithology," if less national, is certainly quite as interesting.

The Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine. To the usual contents of this excellent little ladies' periodical Mr. Beeton has added the attraction of an historical supplement; giving, as the first instalment, a number of the history of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," by John Lothrop Motley.

The Bulwark, or Reformation Journal, presents its readers with an article upon the "Supremacy of the Pope," accompanied by an illustration representing his grace the Duke of Hamilton in the act of kissing his Holiness's toe.

The Phytologist (William Pamplin), for May, gives a valuable collection of notes on the "Flora of Braemar, Aberdeenshire," by John Barton. It is accompanied by a map, and gives the habitats of the rarer plants in the district. Dr. Windsor gives a list of the mosses which he has found near Settle, Yorkshire, and Mr. Sutherland an account of the botany of Loch Kinord, Aberdeenshire. It is in these accounts of local flowers that the chief value of the *Phytologist* lies, rendering it, in fact, indispensable to the working botanist.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC ABROAD.

SNOBBERY has no exact geographical limits. It is to be found everywhere. Intelligent travellers inform us that it may be found on the banks of the Yellow River, the Ganges, the Amazon, the Mississippi, the Po, the Guadalquivir, the Tweed, the Seine, the Thames. Everywhere it presents the same moral characteristics. It is bastard patricianism at war with legitimate plebeianism: a thing of cash, or rupees, or dollars, or francs, or bank-notes. It is a head without brains, a heart without nervous fibres, impudence unredeemed by wit, frolic without fun, spirits without a cheerful bubble, daring without manliness. Essentially the same in character under every latitude, it has various modes of manifesting itself. For example, we have reached the end of the month of May in *La Belle France*. The flowers have come out in all their beauty, casting all the glory of Solomon into the shade. We have daisies and buttercups, pansies and cowslips, lilies and daffodils—more floral beauties than we can count. Contemporaneously with the flowers came forth the pretty maidens in their fairest array. The Lisettes, the Julies, the Maries of the towns and villages have converted the savings of the winter into pretty caps and frocks, smart boddices, and unexceptionable foot-gear. They appear so happy, so pleased with themselves, and so disposed to please, that it were sin to break in upon their happiness to the extent of deranging a hair-pin or pilfering one of their paper roses. There are *fêtes* almost every day all round about Paris, and to these *fêtes* go all the pretty girls. They eat much dubious pastry, drink strange compounds of chocolate; they indulge in swings, Russian mountains, and roundabouts. They angle for dolls with a long hook, and fire off pistols at a sous a shot. Then, when the sun begins to slant his beams through the trees—when the man who exhibits the wonderful child, aged five years, and weighing two hundred weight, begins to get husky—when the live mermaid is no longer an attraction, and the *saltimbanque* has performed his last wonder with head or heels—our pretty girls hie them to the ball-room. The day is not complete without a dance. The fair would be foul if there were not pipe or tabor to put the limbs in motion. And now every Delia finds her Damons, one, two, three. The pretty girl has more than one string to her cap. The ball-room is some canvassed "Crown and Anchor" in the manner of Greenwich, or the first-floor of the "Lion Rouge," or the "Grand

Aigle noir." By the way, everything in France is *grand*, even to a garret eighty feet above the level of the pavement. *Grands cafés* are to be met with everywhere, about the size of a London back parlour. In the faubourgs and beyond the barriers *Grands Jardins* are announced, into which, should you enter, there is barely room enough to swing a cat. And our pretty girls are in the ball-room. If alone—rare case—they have paid their half franc, part of which is allowed for refreshments. They go there to be happy for an hour or two. The music is very boisterous. There is a very shrill violin, a cornet-à-piston, and the eternal, obstreperous trombone. Noise is the grand element in French music, at church or at fair. It has no *piano*. Just, however, when every one is happy, and when Antoine and Annette are mutually pleased with each other, snobbery, from a neighbouring garrison, walks into the room in full uniform. Its father was a trunk maker, its mother a fortunate *modiste*; but it holds its head high, and fancies its presence does honour to humble *grisettes* and *garçons*, who, for one day in the week, have laid aside the blouse. It has a sword by its side, spurs upon its heels, a casque on its head. It is especially fascinating. It strokes its moustache and salutes with utmost politeness the pretty girl. It is infinitely condescending. It is heartlessness done up in sugar-candy. It abstracts Jeannette from the side of the unsophisticated Lubin, engages her in a waltz, and thinks it capital fun if it entangles its spur in her barège or cambric and tears it into ribbons. It is an officer; it holds a commission in the imperial service; it retires laughing, and the poor girl cries. What cares the sous-lieutenant how she may have pinched and denied herself for long months to purchase this bit of finery? He has achieved a joke to retail at the mess-table. The joke, such as it is, is repeated all the evening by his comrades, and the pretty girls go home disconsolate. No avenging cudgel descends, no indignant kick hastens the hilarious exit of military snobbery. The police take care of that. You cannot dance in a public-room in France except in the presence of policemen who watch your steps. The chivalry of France, however, can be guilty of this shabby conduct towards the pretty girls, and because a public writer tells the snobbery in epaulettes that they are a shabby set, their heroism takes fire. They find out M. Pène of *Figaro* under his anonymity. They challenge him to fight. If he vanquishes one, another is ready to take his place;

then another, and another. Nothing but the life of the peccant scribe will satisfy the indignation of the gentlemen of the spurs and epaulettes. M. Pène was foolish enough to fight. One antagonist he disabled. Another attacked him, and he was ran through the body. Two other officers were ready to encounter the writer in *Figaro* had he succeeded in his second engagement. The whole affair casts strange light upon French manners and morals. Fortunately for M. Pène, he is likely to recover the effect of his wound, and the Minister of Justice will shortly teach the gentlemen of the spurs a lesson which they will long remember. Your neighbour, *Punch*, who sometimes roasts a bishop, worries a prime minister, flays a peer, flogs an admiral, flagellates a staff-officer, and snubs the Horse Guards in detail, would have a fine life of it, or rather soon would have no life at all, if he pursued his vocations on the banks of the Seine.

Scribe has built himself a house, and on the panels of his drawing-room has had painted the five grand epochs of his life, at which all Paris makes fun. The series of tableaux begins with Scribe in his cradle, and ends with Scribe in his carriage. Alphonse Karr is great in strawberries and cabbages. He, too, has built himself a house, and is not ashamed to confess his success as a market-gardener. He is proud of his violets. They are worth twenty francs the foot square, he avers. A wicked wit, Léon Gatayes, makes it out that the romancist rears his foot square of *violettes mauves* at the enormous rate of 950 francs and 75 centimes. Léon was asked to admire the violets. He admired them, and, like a broker's man, took inventory. He begins: "M—, horticulturist, writes that he has to give you a surprise. Like a well-behaved man he does not pay the postage of his letter. Put down for that thirty francs." He continues: "During the day you said to yourself, 'Ah! what surprise these will give me!' For thee it is a distraction every moment. The romance you are about finishing stops abruptly at chapter before the last. You have lost three hundred francs this single day. Let us put down three hundred francs." The next item is cheaper. "This specimen of violets has need of extreme care. Suddenly you say to a flower-fancier, 'Stay and breakfast with me; you can enlighten me.' Without extras you expend five francs on a breakfast." A heavy item in the imaginary bill is, "In thy enthusiasm you pass two days running in planting a cutting, in caring for and contemplating it—two lost days. Let us

be moderate, and put down 300 francs." Then follows a wicked item in the score: "At nightfall you reach the Hotel Montmorency, price three francs."—The Lamartine subscription gets on swimmingly. The object of it is to raise a sufficient amount to discharge the debts of the poet. He falls, certainly not with dignity; but his own countrymen are harder upon him than strangers. They compare him to O'Connell, who was the big beggerman of Hibernia. This is not fair, if one takes into account the present social condition of France. Pitch Lamartine's vineyards into England, and they would realise four times their present estimated value. But there is no monetary speculation in France. Money is expended in dribblets. Large farms are a revolutionary terror. Threshing machines are stifled, as the babies are stifled. Agricultural prizes bring stunted potatoes to market and very small mutton. Jestings apart, the French are alive to the value of agricultural improvements, but their Frankish or Celtic jealousies tend to the rejection of new inventions. A French farmer stubbornly cultivates rye, because his neighbour will cultivate wheat. If the one sows beans the other will cultivate oats. If the one manures, the other will not sprinkle soot even upon his land. Guano spread here, is the reason why no guano shall be spread there. The *Univers* is quite in a rage because some municipalities have subscribed as much as five pounds, English money, for M. de Lamartine. The poet is advanced in years. He has real, or imaginary, difficulties. A single English landlord could buy all the vineyards at Macon, and make something by the purchase. Of Lamartine it may be justly said: a man's foes are those of his own household.

The author of "I promessi sposi," Manzoni, the son-in-law of Silvio Pellico, is on his death-bed. Another Italian author and poet, the translator of the "Phædre" of Racine into the "Fedra" in which the Ristori has appeared, has been ordered to quit Paris. Touching "Fedra," the Ristori is grand, but the *habitudes* set her down at smaller account than Rachel. Now, we shall say, at the risk of our own judgment being condemned, that Rachel was a grand stereotype. What she accomplished once she accomplished the second time, in the same fashion. Her attitude was the same, her voice and intonation the same. She had no versatility. She cast herself into a mould, and every cast was from this mould. The Ristori is more flexible. She is terrible in her passion, but she is not terrible twice in the same way. The Ristori has not the same dramatic talent, but she has twice as much dramatic genius. The action of to-night is not the action of to-morrow night. Rachel had no temperature; Ristori is actuated by the seasons. She grasps her victim to-night like a vulture. It drips blood. Her hair is the hair of a fury. To-morrow the dramatic fervour may have gone off. The gas has escaped, and the Ristori is a very common actress. Art is constant; genius has fits and starts. All our orthodoxies may be suddenly converted into heterodoxies when Madame Ristori shows herself in London.

GERMANY.

G. F. Handel. Von FRIEDRICH CHRYSANDER. Leipzig: Breitkopf und Hartel. London: Trübner and Co.

The name and the works of Handel are so much one of our national glories, that we must rejoice at every fresh attempt to throw light on his career and on the development of his genius. Though by birth, by character, and by culture a German, yet not in Germany could Handel ever have found the field which his great gifts and his turbulent temper demanded. He met in free and Protestant England, and in the simplicity, magnanimity, piety, depth, and undemonstrative passionateness of the English nature, exactly the conditions necessary for the most stupendous and harmonious display of powers such as had never before and may never again be given to a mortal. It may seem a paradox to maintain that Protestantism is more favourable to sublime music than Catholicism; but if we reflect on the extent to which the sensuous predominates in Catholicism, we discover an explanation that quickly drives the paradox away. The sensuous in Catholicism hungers for and finds the sublimest painting; this is its fittest expression and its richest repast. Protestantism, whenever it has called in the painter's

art to pour forth at the feet of the Holy its reverence and love, has failed egregiously, ridiculously. Some years ago we saw a "Christ walking on the Sea," by a distinguished living painter, whose taste you might have questioned, but not his Protestantism, and after a momentary glance we turned from it, half in pity, half in contempt. Enormous pains had been expended to produce an abortion, a silly, stupid, ugly, frigid, ghastly thing. The artist had forgotten that the true abode, the true temple of Protestantism is the ideal, with which painting, through its fixed and definite lines and its profusion of colours, wars. Sculpture partly realises, partly stimulates our dream of the ideal. Greek polytheism claims sculpture as its own: neither so sensuous as Catholicism nor so spiritual as Protestantism, it raised no wall of separation between the real and the ideal, but blended both into one common and radiant unity. And not till this unity is restored can sculpture again be one of the primordial religious forces. Painting is joyous, music is sad, sculpture can neither be said to be joyous nor the contrary: it represents divine equanimity. It might with justice be characterised as the mediatorial art. What do mortals yearn for so ardently as profound calm? They behold it as the habitual mood of the universe, and they would fain be delivered from the onset of violent emotions and from the fever of extremes. The religion of the ancients, and especially the religion of the Greeks, sought through sculpture to symbolise the tranquil and the serene. Our modern existence rushes into excess, into contrast, into anomaly. It has wild bursts of delight, and dances the more madly the nearer it is approaching abysses of despair. Conscious of a strange unrest, it increases the unrest in the attempt to disguise it. Art must be studied in its moral relations if we would understand its full significance. Either as a dilettanteism or as a subject for eloquent discourse on aesthetics, it can have but moderate interest for an earnest soul. We do not believe that it is possible to give a people what is called an education in art; seeing that it is from the most fervid and opulent phantasies and feelings of a people that art arises. As an utterance of the popular heart, more than as a special influence thereon, should we regard it. To the popular heart it belongs to create, to teach the artist, and not to the artist to set up as a missionary to the popular heart. Would it not be deemed supremely absurd to propound the utilitarian doctrine that the community ought to receive direct poetical culture, when it is through the potent poetical leaven working in the bosom of the community that great poets come? Can it be less absurd to view art as a cause instead of as a consequence? Left to itself, art in these days marches forth as music, and in England music as much means Handel as poetry means Shakspeare. That in England Shakspeare and Handel are ever gaining a wider and more glorious empire, shows how increasing the tendency in England is, as well to human breadth and bounteousness, as to celestial elevation. England is eminently the Protestant realm. This implies neither dogmatism nor incessant battle with small Popish mummeries, which, having been slain three hundred years ago, it is foolish to stab again. It implies that England places herself at the head of the industrial forces which are the world's present conquerors, that her political action is real, dynamical, organising, sympathising, fiercely unpedantic; and that while subduing and transfiguring earth, she climbs the skies, as alone in these ages they can be reached and won. England retains what in music so many nations are losing—reverence for the human voice. In Germany there are still miracles of harmonic combination, but they all tend to subordinate the vocal to the instrumental, whereby music retrogrades to the loud noises in which Fetichism has in every age delighted. Among the Italians music is degenerating more and more into mere cloying melody—a simple luxury for the ear—no nourishment for the inner and nobler being. Our French allies, incapable of rising above, or of piercing below, the surface in anything whatever, continue to seek in music what they have always sought—a brilliant rhetorical embellishment, a striking dramatic entertainment, a lively lyrical excitement. But for Germany and Italy, would they ever have suspected what mystery and what charm dwell in sound? Now we, faithful to the heroic memories of the Reformation, have alone maintained music in its epic

dignity—in its adorable solemnity. We have preferred to the thunder and legerdemain of instrumentation magnificent choral effects, such as carry us back to the song which the Israelites sang after their deliverance from the wrath of the Egyptians and the waves of the Red Sea. It is a small affair that by our persistence in this path we have sacrificed purely artistic reputation. We have taken the music which responded best to our instincts and to the most venerable biblical traditions, without inquiring in what happy and genial clime it had first stolen on the enchanted ear. It would have been more gratifying to our national pride, no doubt, that Handel had been, like Shakspeare, an Englishman. But the originality of a leading race is often grandest shown in its quiet, unostentatious adoptions. This was the case with the Romans: it is the case with the English. In welcoming so warmly, in worshipping so devoutly Handel, the English demonstrated that they were of colossal stature as well as he. It is singular that just as we have treated Handel, the Germans have treated Shakspeare, who is more to them than any other poet, as Handel is more to us than any other musician. Would that there were more in the world of such godlike barter which makes many richer and leaves no one poorer! In this particular instance, however, of fruitful and famous exchange, likeness of spiritual history has had as much to do as kindredness of national qualities. Shakspeare and Handel were both products of the Reformation. They are its immortal, its most exalted representatives. Catholicism never brought forth either poetry or music of the highest order. In poetry Dante was the most illustrious name of which it could boast before Luther gave an open Bible to mankind: and how far is Dante below Shakspeare! If Palestrina raised the scope and enlarged the domain of sacred music, was it not through the tremendous religious upheaval of the sixteenth century? And if subsequently mighty composers added to the musical treasures of the Catholic Church, was it not because there was still a vibration from those tempestuous years? In truth, ever since Luther, Catholicism, both in its action and reaction, has had life only from its Protestant foes, and this ought to silence the malignant and idiotic howl of the Ultramontanists. As respects music, the Reformation forced Catholicism to retreat into the sanctuary of that ideal without which music cannot breathe its most seraphic breath. In that ideal, however, Catholicism could not, from its unchangeable faculties and tendencies, tabernacle long. The pictorial was the garment of Catholicism; the pictorial was its kingdom; to the pictorial it returned. And, therefore, when a Catholic composer of eminent, unquestionable, and prolific genius like Haydn ventured on sacred themes, he could not go beyond the imitation of pictorial splendours. The very choice of such subjects as the Creation and the Four Seasons evinces the painter rather than the musician. What magic floats round that celebrated passage on Spring, which is familiar to every one! But is not that passage a delicious picture to the imagination rather than a spiritual utterance so the longing and praying spirit? Degrade music, the superior, into the accompaniment, the auxiliary, the mere menial of painting, the inferior, and music ceases to be the purest, holiest, most persuasive messenger of Heaven. Any one acquainted with the services of the Roman Catholic Church is aware that the music, instead of playing the leading part, is but an adjunct of the incense, the ceremonies, the gorgeous vestments, the whole theatrical array; it does not, as music ought, transport the soul to a sphere beyond all illusions, even the most beautiful. How incomparably is this achieved in the best oratorios of Handel! Where the most gifted of the Catholic composers have painted, Handel prophesies; he is the Isaiah of music, they are only the Raphaels thereof. He leads us through awful solitudes of thought into an ecstasy little akin to vulgar bliss. We climb no ladder of crowding visions; loftier and loftier we sweep on archangelic wing, till, mystic, we blend with Deity. There is no feast for the eye, that the ear may feed the fuller and the daintier. The essential idea of the oratorio is that of gathering hosts round the throne of God. There is a shout, there is a clangor in praise of the Invisible. It matters not what the subject nor who the personages may be, the acclaim is ever to Him and in honour of Him who omnipotent reigneth. In

form the oratorio is a species of drama, but in substance it is an epic inspiration. The interest is not dramatic; and not dramatic is the talents required either in author or composer. To the Bible author and composer rush as to an exhaustless fountain; in the Bible, however, we in vain demand the dramatic, to which the overwhelming, exclusive, invincible, ferocious individuality of the Hebrew was directly antagonistic. The opera, unlike the oratorio, is dramatic both in substance and in form; and therefore with dramatic power in author and composer it cannot dispense. A perfect opera is, in an equal degree, a dramatic and a musical victory; in an equal degree a dramatic and a musical victory is a perfect performance of it. Handel had not the genuine dramatic instinct and skill, and therefore his numerous operas neither rise above nor fall below the level of his time. With his foot on the earth he became as other men, or perchance was still more cumbrous than other men. The very massiveness and majesty which, as he winged his way athwart the sky, rendered him a spectacle so astounding, looked like awkwardness and incapacity on the solid ground. It is to Handel's huge and heavy plungings on the solid ground that Friederich Chrysander seems determined to confine the copious and elaborate biography of which we have here the first volume. Chrysander is member of a German society to which the distinguished Gervinus belongs, which has undertaken the pious duty of republishing, with every fittest and amplest editorial appliance, Handel's whole works. To these Chrysander's book will be an introduction, partaking largely of the commentary. The Germans do not excel as biographers. They swamp the narrative in minute criticisms and minute details. The salient points are not seized; there is no rapidity of march. Chrysander is rather more prolix and ponderous than his countrymen in general. His knowledge of music and of its history is obviously profound and comprehensive, his admiration of Handel unbounded. But with the best intentions he cannot tell us what the man Handel was; what he did; why his name has a resonance so wide and so thrilling. It is painful to us to speak thus: is it our fault, however, if Chrysander sprawls and twaddles, when we ask him to unveil to us the effulgent countenance of a glorious one? There is something ludicrous in the contrast between the godlike figure and the godlike fact we call Handel, stretching far above the clouds into the abyss of the immeasurable blue, and the small pedantic dissections in which Chrysander indulges. It is always desirable that genius should be genially unfolded, that it should not have to spend its strength simply in overcoming obstacles. No man's genius could have a more genial unfolding than Handel's; whatever obstacles he had to vanquish were of his own creation. He was early successful, and all through his career friends, fame, and fortune never failed him. His vigorous and resolute character made light of difficulties. Of all his gifts, the most valuable to him was his healthy and stalwart organisation. He could eat and drink like one of the old Homeric heroes, and the terrors which haunt the timid, the woes which crush the sensitive, never came near him. On the vast basis of a muscular, often apparently coarse nature, was rooted that immense tree whose fruits we still in wonder and reverence gather. Why should we speak, then, of struggle where properly struggle there was none? Or why should we inquire too curiously into the growth of a giant when the giant grew by the necessity of his own robustness and health. Handel's music was but the finer essence of his irrepressible energy. The marvellous facility and rapidity wherewith he composed revealed a brain to which labour was really recreation. Are his productions for this reason the less admirable? Verily, no. They profoundly and permanently enthrall, while the eccentric, the abnormal, the diseased, can interest us only to the extent that we ourselves are diseased, abnormal, eccentric. Seek not in Handel for a febrile force alternating with a febrile feebleness. There have been too many of the gifted to whom life was but a fever, a maniac bound to the stars, and then a tragical exhaustion. A world, stolid and pitiless, tortured their exquisite sensibilities, and they were still more torturers to themselves than the world had been. Confessed or unconfessed, there is no sorrow on earth like theirs. Let us kneel with profoundest awe and unspeakable tenderness at their grave, and pray for that sound mind in a sound body

which the sage proves his wisdom in regarding as the pearl above all price. That pearl Nature had placed on Handel's forehead; she had cast it into his bosom. And the healthy give health—eminently so in music. Disease—especially that which affects the mind still more than the body—is oftener than otherwise a dissonance—to be cured, therefore, by sweet sounds. How well was this symbolised by the ancients, who made him the god of medicine that was the god of music! Who so much a giver of health through music as Handel? He leads us into the Temple of Concord, and straightway we are healed. Should not this save him from impertinent prying into his mere artistic apprenticeship? Should he who was a priest by being a prophet, and a physician by being a priest, be subjected to that microscopic anatomy which is now so common? It is not the vocation of biography to tear the breast open and show us the blood flowing, or how it began at first to flow, but to reveal to us the gradual expansion of a symmetric, heroic individuality. Yet, alas, in these days whenever we think we are entering a gallery of the illustrious, we find ourselves in an anatomical museum. Have we not a right to turn against the biographer when we discover him to be not the magnificent delineator of a living human heart, but a clever or clumsy anatomical demonstrator? This volume, by our friend Chrysander, confirms us in a faith which we have long cherished, that Handel's biography will never be written as it ought to be written by a musical connoisseur. The connoisseur is ensnared by technicalities; he wants always to see the why of the why; he is so occupied with parts, and with parts of parts, that he cannot feel the grandeur of the whole. Even if there is to be criticism, the best criticism is that which does not come from critics. The French are a nation of critics, as they are a nation of rhetoricians; but the French are so much critics as to know absolutely nothing about criticism. True criticism is cordial appreciation. It utters itself in the simplest, most natural words. There had been no Homeric criticism on Homer till John Wilson wrote his celebrated essays. Wilson approached Homer, and climbed a Scottish mountain with the same freshness, the same stalwart tread, the same bounteousness of manhood. This was the secret of his success. We criticise badly whenever we think that we ought to criticise like critics, and to employ a certain jargon. Music and architecture differ from the other arts by being more complicated and elaborate. It may be supposed that, in order to be their critics, we cannot dispense with a comprehensive and systematic training. We emphatically question it. Catholic culture is absolutely needful; but the special culture would in most instances fetter, paralyse, and confuse. It is not to architects that our cathedrals speak most eloquently; and it is not to musicians that a symphony of Beethoven is the rich odour and the flowing ecstasy of the invisible land. To be perfectly just we might divide men of genius in relation to art into four classes: we take art here in its widest sense. In the first rank would be those in whom the strong, stupendous man includes the artist—examples, Shakspeare, Handel, Burns, Scott; in the second those whom we cannot more accurately designate than as psychological phenomena—examples, Mozart and Shelley; in the third the artists pure—examples, Haydn, Beethoven, Turner, and Wordsworth; in the fourth those wandering or driven from the beaten path through the sickly soul, the shattered nerve, and a feverish unrest—examples Tasso, Rousseau, and Byron. Now for the first class we require men with every attribute of heartiest health as critics and historians. A psychological phenomena like Mozart, who, at four years of age, renounced the usual amusements of children—who, when scarcely much older, accomplished such wonderful musical feats—and to whom the sound of a trumpet was an intolerable torment, demands a kindred psychological phenomenon to enter into its entire mystery. A pure artist another pure artist can best understand and picture. The febrile aberrations are their own fittest historians, and their fittest critics are the febrile aberrations that come after. Hazlitt was the best critic that England has ever had, when the discourse was of febrile aberrations, for he was himself a febrile aberration; but take him into the region of health, and he was feeble and bewildered. Haydn, a good and honest creature, but silly and superstitious, had no existence except in music; we surrender him willingly, therefore, to the musical connoisseur. Mozart, the miraculous, was

a German fairy tale, which he half wrote in his own immortal productions: who will write the other half? Handel, as an English king, we claim for some vigorous English pen. Many biographies of him we shall continue to receive from foreigners; but the final, the finished biography must be English. We have indicated sufficiently the reasons. English literature is peculiarly characterised by vitality, variety, spontaneous expression:—in England alone, therefore, can Handel have an energetic chronicler disdaining cant. Besides, we having adopted Handel, and Handel having adopted us, it is a point of honour with us, it is a sacred duty to compose the epic of the great epic composer. Though we cannot speak apologetically of Chrysander's book, we must yet praise his industry and warm Handelian zeal. To musical students, and to the lovers of musical curiosities, the book will have its attractions. We may, perhaps, in our excessive reverence for Handel have underrated its biographical value. There is certainly risk, however, that Handel should share the fate of Shakspeare, and that he and his works should have record and comment as if both he and music belonged to the department of entomology. It is thought a mighty thing if it can be discovered that Shakspeare really performed some important action which, as an Englishman living in the time of Elizabeth and of James I., he could not avoid performing; it is thought a mighty thing if by the change of a syllable or a word you can rob some famous line of its noblest poetry. It is not too late to save Handel if Shakspeare is irretrievably lost. Let us snatch him from the grasp of the literary entomologists. Let us tell them that here is an elephant and not a midge; and if they will not give heed to us, let us send them to hear ten thousand youthful, enthusiastic voices singing a Handel chorus.

ARTICUS.

ITALY.

GASPARO GOZZI.

(Concluded from p. 234.)

NEXT to theatres, gambling-houses (*ridotti*), were the great places of fashionable resort here; and it was computed that 50,000 sequins was the average of annual profits to the speculating companies, round whose tables crowds of masquers used to assemble during Carnival, though only patricians were allowed to play at *bassette*, while more vulgar gamblers risked lower sums in rooms on the ground floor. Mixed with the profane were the religious festivals, now attended with extraordinary pomp at Venice, and largely occupying the time of the higher dignitaries. The Ascension, which occasioned a species of second Carnival, was the grand local celebration, for on that day were solemnised the Espousals of the Adriatic. The Doge, invested with all the pomp of office, threw the ring from the gilded Bucentaur into the waters near the shores of the Lido; all officials and assistants then attended him at a grand ceremony at the church of St. Sebastian, and in the evening was the fair in the piazza of St. Mark's, now converted into a labyrinth of illuminated booths, this fair being continued for fifteen days, during which the gay public was always masqued. Throughout the winter were open seven theatres in the Venice of this period; the opera here was in high repute, but comedy and farce more especially attracted. Buffoonery and burlesque were always appreciated, and whilst Goldoni reigned with scarcely a rival in the higher walks of comedy, tragedy seems to have been almost banished from the stage here. It is remarkable that Gozzi, who wrote for the stage, and frequently alludes in his letters and essays to theatrical amusements, though giving many entertaining accounts of actors, new pieces, and first performances, in no passage (that I can call to mind after reading these volumes) speaks of the representation of tragedy at Venice. Though legitimate comedy had now, mainly owing to Goldoni, asserted its independent and conspicuous place in Italian literature, there still prevailed on the Venetian stage that much earlier form of drama (if such it deserved to be called) in which the actors were almost literally the authors of their several parts, nothing else being supplied them except a species of canvass, or outline of plot and characters, left to be filled up by the improvisations of their own wit, by spoken or practical jokes—when, as it seems, the comedian was little distinguished by public favour from the mountebank, figurante, or charlatan.

Much concerning the history of the Italian theatre in the last century may be gathered from Gozzi's pages, where it is curious to find how frequent are the complaints of the prominence given to spectacle, and all that pertains to machinery or properties, above the intellectual means for effect. How would the Venetian critics have been impressed by a prospective view of the enchantments of the scene, in London or Paris, as developed in our own day? Something almost prophetic there is, indeed, in his warnings against the encroachments of song and music upon the province of legitimate drama, destined more and more to yield the place to operas on the Italian stage in subsequent years, till (as at present) the term "Prosa" became the general and rather contemptuous designation for all dramatic performance without music, whether really in prose or verse. On the state of the press and the bibliopolist commerce at Venice we have many details worth noticing in these pages. It was in 1459 that the first printing-press was established in that city, and for many years subsequently that potent agency was more actively plied here than in any other Italian capital. Gozzi was invited by the Government in 1766 to draw up a report of the state of printing-offices at Venice and in her *terra firma* possessions, and to propose whatever reforms might lead to conditions more flourishing than then existed in this branch of industry. His memoir, giving the statistics, together with his own theories concerning this subject, is now first published in Tommaseo's edition. We learn from it that in the capital were then thirty-eight printing-offices, containing one hundred and twenty presses, but of which only fifty-three were actually at work; in the provinces, thirty-five offices, containing eighty-four presses, only fifty-nine being then employed. This showed a decline, for in 1732 the number of presses in activity at Venice was eighty-two. The Adriatic capital had formerly little competition from other Italian parts to contend against; but now Milan, Brescia, Parma, Leghorn, and Florence kept up a formidable rivalry; but above all was the Neapolitan book-trade injurious to Venice, as works published there were frequently reprinted and issued at lower prices in Naples, after which the original editions were excluded from that kingdom—so early had perfidiousness become the characteristic of authority's proceedings in the Parthenopean capital! Within fourteen years the funds expended upon printing at Venice had fallen to an amount Gozzi calculates at 30,000 ducats. There were at this time forty-eight book-shops in the city, and altogether 120 persons in the bibliopolist line; as many carried on this business at their private houses, without opening shops. But only twelve of these, Gozzi reports, could be considered efficient, independent traders; while more than twenty of those licensed had taken to selling books (as is the conspicuous practice in all large Italian towns at the present day) at stalls in the open air. The fraudulent vending of Venetian editions printed abroad had become, so early as 1653, a nuisance, which provoked repressive laws from the magistracy of the republic; these were revised in 1761, and three years later it was enacted that whoever reprinted any Venetian edition should bring it out in style not inferior to the original issue.

Journalism had become a power and an organisation at Venice long before the close of this century or her fall from independence. Besides the monthly publication of an encyclopædia from the French, there now appeared an official (or semi-official) gazette, and five other periodicals, for the most part weekly, dedicated to science, literature, fine arts, medicine, and commercial affairs. One, the *Minerva*, or "New Journal of Italian Literature," had been founded in 1762 by a Camaldolese monk, who continued to act as editor. Later followed the *Frusta Letteraria*, in which Gozzi was to some extent, though anonymously, engaged with his friend Baretti.

Of course another not less important institution in the Italy of that day—the *Accademia*—could not fail to be conspicuous where such literary developments and claims existed; and, in fact, at Venice those intellectual hot-beds existed in the highest force, some dating from the seventeenth century, with all their traditional pedantic pomp and fantastic choice of designations—as the *Incogniti*, the *Delfici*, *Nuici*, *Imperfetti*, *Animosi*, *Argonauti*, the last founded by a doge, Giustiniani, about the year 1684. Gozzi became, when very young, member of the *Granelleschi*, originated in 1747, to which academic body for some time his

labours were assiduously dedicated, in the object of improving its tone and stimulating its productiveness. But some of his allusions to his Granelleschi colleagues, in later days, read rather like sarcasm; and long after it had been annihilated this learned association was maligned by a Florentine poet, who says:

They lie in Lethe's vortex,
By their own trashy books o'erwhelmed and smothered.

But other fellow-citizens, more or less intimately the associates of Gozzi, have left more enduring names on the *fasti* of Venice at this last epoch of her independence—Cesarotti (born at Padua in 1730), the translator of Ossian into verse, still a favourite with Italian readers, and author of many original works on philosophic subjects—Algarotti (born 1715), an ingenious and multifarious writer, who aspired to the fame of an encyclopedist, and has left seventeen ample volumes, among whose contents none was so generally acceptable to one class of readers at the time as his "Newtonian System for the Use of Ladies," though in his own opinion the "Letters on Russia" were his happiest achievements—Baretti (who, though of Turin by birth, 1717, spent much time at Venice), one of the most whimsically versatile of Italian literati, who wrote (besides his native idiom) in French, English, and Spanish, and left the Adriatic city in displeasure after the literary scourge had been wrested from his hand, so ably wielded in his *Frusta*—Cesari (born at Verona, 1760), who made it the principal object of a long career to restore the style and convert the taste of Italy to the *trecento* or fourteenth-century type, ever the ideal and worshipped original of his literary optimism. Of another illustrious fellow-citizen, Canova, we find no notice in Gozzi's writings; and throughout these pages there is surprising deficiency of any indication that art was much noticed or felt by him—beyond, indeed, a general recognition of its importance as a means to social refinement. No allusion is made to the priceless treasures in Venetian galleries or churches; and for any reference to that romantic and dream-like beauty in the aspects of his native city which has elicited the genuine or affected raptures of so many tourists and poets in the nineteenth century, we might as well look into the pages of a writer settled at Birmingham as into those of Gozzi.

That authority, often so fatal to letters and the periodical press, was vigorously enforced, but not, it seems, in a bigoted spirit, at Venice. The censorship of books continued for some years a charge in the hands of Gozzi himself, the choice of whom by the magistracy to this office may itself be accepted as an argument of liberality. We have a report of his services in this capacity, extending from 1763 to 1779, during which period we find him pronouncing, apparently with full judicial powers, now for the suppression and now for the sanctioning of publications, either from original MSS. or imported from abroad. Of the relations between Venice and Rome, in reference to the prohibition of books, we have some curious details in a "Memoir addressed to the Deputation of Magistrates for the Reform of Studies at Padua." The "Index," first published in Rome 1595, inflicted such injury on the literary commerce of Venice, that within a few months the number of presses there in activity sunk from 125 to 40. Energetic appeals were made to the Papal Court, and eventually a concordat was passed, importing, among other terms, that thenceforth no works except those included in the first edition of the "Index" should be prohibited in the States of Venice, at least without previous accord between the Papal authorities and the Doge. Censors were now appointed at the several custom-houses to enforce the edict of the magistracy that no books offending against religion, good morals, or the characters of ruling princes, should be admitted into Venice, and a law was passed in 1653, revived in 1764, to the effect that no work should be published there without license from at least two of the *Riformatori*.

The almost daguerreotype minuteness with which the Venice of the last century is displayed in the writings of Gozzi constitutes one of their best features. Nor is the life and individuality of the writer himself unworthy to be examined with attention. Gasparo, eldest of several children, was of a family which his brother Carlo likened to "a poetic hospital, where literature entered like an epidemic." The same Carlo also made himself conspicuous by talents as a satirist and dramatist, though not equalling those of his

elder brother, and rather discredited than otherwise by an attempt to parody Goldoni, and substitute for his legitimate comedy a class of theatrical monstrosities he called appropriately "Fiabe"—fables or idle tales. The possession of "a few fields in Friuli" had supplied pretext to an ancestor of these brothers for the assumption of a title; hence one of those transitions from the bourgeois to the noble class, so facile in many Italian states; and it was now "Count" Gozzi whose honours were transmitted to a family that belonged neither to the very rich nor very poor, but which it seems might have kept its place among the former if anything like good management had prevailed over the domestic Lares. That beneficent genius was altogether averted from the "*res angusta domi*" of our friend Gasparo, who spent his life, as his editor observes, "between two opposites—town and country residence, wealth and indigence, poetry and accounts on the items of corn and wine." Ugo Foscolo affected wealth, Gasparo Gozzi poverty; for much of affection there seems to be, and too often a tone far from manly or dignified, in his reiterated complaints. At the age of twenty-five he married Luisa Bergalli, a lady ten years his senior, who had herself claims to literary honours recognised in more than one country, having received flattering invitations from Rome, Milan, Spain, and even Poland. She published tragedies, comedies, translations from Terence, and the "Adventures of a Poet," a drama in verse. But, unfortunately, the reconciliation of domestic duties with intellectual pursuits was little understood, and seems scarcely to have been attempted, by Madame Gozzi, whose brother-in-law Carlo, afore-mentioned, irreverently says of her, "she was famous for poetic *bêtises* and a Pandaric style of administration" in household affairs. It was as a writer, but more especially a translator of tragedies and comedies, that Gozzi's energies were most employed in early life. Two dramas on historic Venetian subjects, *Enrico Dandolo* and *Marco Polo*, were his highest attempts in this walk; the former was much applauded at the time on the Venetian stage, but neither are now on the repertory of the Italian acting drama. An Italian "Paradise Lost," not from Milton, but from a forgotten French paraphrase, was one among various examples of labour thrown away by the versatile translator. The "Death of Adam" he also rendered from a French version of Klopstock's original, and seems to have bestowed particular care on this task, in consequence of the strong impression, several times alluded to in his letters, received even from this second-hand acquaintance with the author of the "Messiah"—the only proof supplied, among his miscellaneous writings, that Gozzi ever obtained the slightest knowledge of what was passing in the German intellectual movements of last century. In 1756 he began the career of a publicist, and was engaged first on a periodical of which his editor failed to discover any extant remains; afterwards on the *Venetian Gazette*, to which, we are informed, he gave a tone and system thoroughly English, like our miscellaneous periodicals of the present day; subsequently on a weekly paper, founded by himself, called *Il Mondo Morale*, not properly a journal, and rather pedantic in tone. But it was not till the appearance of the *Osservatore* that the full powers of Gozzi were put forth, in versatility, humour, critical acumen, appreciation of life and character. His letters, written for publication, form to this day the work on which mainly rests the popularity of Gozzi, whose name, prefixed to their compilation, is to be seen on almost every book-stall in Italian towns. The picture of Gozzi's declining years, bowed down as they were by many sufferings, but with the fire of intellect still at intervals brightly burning, is affecting, but too painfully minute; for, though professedly an orthodox believer, little evidence is given by this aged man of capability to find joy and hope in that sunshine which the world neither gives nor can take away. A melancholy story of attempted suicide at Padua, a few years before his death, may indeed justify doubts whether Gozzi's intellect continued to retain its balance, at all times, till the last. It was at the age of seventy-three that he expired at Padua, in December 1786; and forty years subsequently several Venetian citizens subscribed to have his bust erected in the Ducal Palace, where it still stands, with an inscription terminating in the eulogium, altogether most just, that Gasparo Gozzi corrected by his refined wit, without asperity, what was depraved in morals and false in taste.

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

THE FORTNIGHT.

At the anniversary meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, the report stated the fact of two important expeditions having been undertaken during the past year. One under Dr. Livingstone, assisted by several distinguished officers, to ascend the Zambesi, and renew his explorations in Central Africa. The other under Captain Hawkins, R.E., to survey, in conjunction with the United States Commissioners, the boundaries of her Majesty's dominions in North America and those of the United States. Communications had also been received from the expedition under Captain Burton and Speke in East Africa, which, by the last accounts, had penetrated the interior to within 170 miles of Ugogo; and from that under Captain Palliser in British North America, who had reached 109 deg. W. on the Saskatchewan; from those in Australia, under Captain Freeling and others; from Borneo, under Lieutenant de Crespigny; and from the Indian Archipelago, under Mr. A. R. Wallace. The council of the society was giving its attention to other expeditions and explorations. The patron's or Victoria gold medal was bestowed on Professor Alexander Dallas Bache, Superintendent of the United States Coast Survey, for his extensive and accurate surveys of America, and for the additions made by him to our knowledge of geography and hydrography. A patron's gold medal was also presented to Captain Collinson, R.N., C.B., for his successful discoveries in the Arctic regions, and for having, in her Majesty's ship "Enterprise," penetrated farther to the eastward through Behring's Straits than had been reached by any other vessel.

At the Chemical Society, Dr. Odling, hon. sec., read a paper "On atoms and equivalents." Starting from the consideration that 1 part of hydrogen united with 35.5 parts of chlorine to form hydrochloric acid, and with 4.7 parts of nitrogen to form ammonia, the author inquired why the number 35.5 was adopted for the atomic weight of chlorine, and the number 4.7 rejected for the atomic weight of nitrogen. Passing thence to oxygen, he contended that every argument which induced chemists to represent the atomic weight of nitrogen by the number 14 should also induce them to represent the atomic weight of oxygen by the number 16, and that if the formula of ammonia were H_3N , that of water must be H_2O . The idea of equivalency in these days has been based upon the idea of substitution, and that the atomic weights of different elements did not necessarily correspond with their equivalents. Thus, an atom of bismuth was equivalent to three atoms of hydrogen, inasmuch as it was capable of being substituted for three atoms of hydrogen; whence it followed that the same element not unfrequently had more than one equivalent, as was the case with iron, tin, platinum, &c. In reference to the basicity of compound radicals, it was observable that the equivalency, as regards hydrogen, increased numerically with the retraction of each successive atom of hydrogen from the original compound. In this way marsh-gas yielded the radicals, methyl, methylene, formyl, and carbon, which were mono, bi, tri, and quadribasic respectively. These views were supported by Professors Brodie and Williamson.

In a discussion that took place on General Trenchard's paper on public works in the Bengal Presidency, read at the Institution of Civil Engineers, it was stated that, with the exception of a short experimental line, about 140 miles in length, from Calcutta to Raneegeur, sanctioned in 1849, but only opened in 1855, it was not until Lord Dalhousie's administration that the three main trunk lines were projected. The Bombay Presidency had taken the lead in railways, having opened a section for traffic a year and a-half before the Calcutta line. Admitting the construction of the Ganges Canal and the Grand Trunk Road, such works were the rare exception, and not the rule, and contrasted unfavourably with the 36,000 miles of railway and extensive system of inland navigation carried out by private enterprise during the last twenty-five years in the United States of America. The funds

appropriated to public works in India had not been equal to the occasion, and they would not be carried out on the necessary scale and at the required speed unless freer scope was given to private enterprise. The most important requirement for India at the present time was extended and improved means of communication. To the westward of the Ganges this could be done by a system of railways, but to the eastward advantage ought to be taken of the natural facilities for water transport, and for this purpose it was required that vessels should be used combining the least draught of water with the greatest capability of dead weight cargo, and this could be done by the system of tug and tow-boats initiated by the Assam Company in 1841, which had proved very effective. With regard to the construction of railways in India, an idea prevailed that the works were light, but the earthworks averaged 120,000 cubic yards per mile, and the masonry 4000 cubic yards per mile. The chief difficulties in the construction were a proper engineering staff, and the scarcity of labour, especially of skilled labour; and a suggestion was made that the Indian Government should send to each presidency an experienced engineer to organise and perfect a system of internal communication adapted to the requirements of the different localities.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES FOR NEXT WEEK.

Tuesday, June 1.—Philosophic, 1.
Thursday, 3.—Chemical, 8. Mr. Keston "On the Composition and Analysis of Black Ash or Ball Soda." Mr. Guthrie "On Nitrate of Ammonia and its derivatives."—Linnæan, 8.—Society of Antiquaries, 8.
Friday, 4.—Archæological, 4.—Royal Botanic, 3. Lecture by Dr. Lankester "On the Families of Plants, their Structure and Properties."
Saturday, 5.—Institute of Actuaries, 8. Annual General Meeting.—Royal Asiatic, 8. Mr. J. W. Beanquet "On Median History and Chronology, from the reign of Darius to Darius the son of Hyaspes, or Darius the Mede."

ART AND ARTISTS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

O'NEIL's picture, entitled "Eastwood ho! August 1857," is one which has attracted much attention, and not undeservedly. The painter himself appears at length to have grown weary of that super-refined softness of touch and expression in which he has frittered away so much talent that might have been better employed. He has sought a subject of rough reality, and has found strength and vigour in the search. Not that the damsels who are here seen taking leave of their lovers and brothers have not still some touch of the old ideal; they would have been better had the painter not striven to make them so sleek and comely. But there is much good genuine painting in the picture and improved colour, and the grouping of the figures descending the ship's side is ingenious. The work has already become a popular one. "Weary Life" (300), by R. Carrick, is the picture of a strolling acrobat lying asleep in a cornfield; a little girl sleeps at his feet; a third figure stands surveying the pair, and seems to regard their slumbers with a certain awe. The picture is one which arrests attention and sympathy at once. The worn, yet fine, countenance of the itinerant professor of gymnastics suggests powers which might have been turned to better advantage. The care which has evidently been taken to shelter the child, and the confidence with which she reposes by the side of her protector, bespeak a gentle mind. There appears a little awkwardness about the standing figure, which could, we should think, be remedied. On the whole, this picture must be classed among the most powerful works in the exhibition.

As examples of miraculous minuteness of execution the works of Mr. J. F. Lewis stand almost alone. In drawing Mr. Lewis cannot be surpassed. In the "Kibab-shop, Scutari" (101), the delicacy with which the outline of every object is given is wonderful. The pigeons picking up grain appear in motion, so finely is the undulating flow of their figures expressed. At first sight a certain dryness of general effect strikes the eye, but the colouring is harmonious, and the fault is one which is more than redeemed by the beauty of execution. The "Inmate of the Hhareem, Cairo" (122) is more lively and piquante than we are accustomed to imagine Oriental beauties to be. This is an exquisitely

finished picture, and the subject is extremely pretty. The thing is a little gem. "Lilies and Roses, Constantinople" (51) is a pendant to this. Near to these pictures, and worth comparing with them, are two by W. Gale, "The Sorrowful Days of Evangeline" (54), and her "Happy Days" (90). Mr. Gale is an artist who has pursued a minute style of finish with much success, and last year produced a small piece worthy of comparison with Meissonier. The two pictures of this year are clever and effective. Mr. Egg gives another scene from "Esmond" (19), better than the last, if possible. Mrs. Beatrix is perfectly irresistible. Two corners of the east room are occupied by Mr. Ward's "Pictures of the ceremony of conferring the garter upon the Emperor Napoleon III, and the visit of her Majesty to the tomb of Napoleon I." As pictures it would be difficult to imagine anything less pleasing than these performances, in which the artist had certainly little choice. Mr. Ward, as if in despair, seems to have shed a double portion of ink into his shadows. The garter ceremony, however, is not without its comic side.

Mr. F. Stone, like Mr. O'Neil, has achieved a success by coming into contact with reality. There are some touches of real nature and feeling in his "Missing Boat," though in colour the picture is not agreeable, and something of the nattiness of the millinery style remains. Mr. Webster's "Sunday Evening" (119) is just on the verge of mawkishness; the extreme propriety and conscious goodness which prevail throughout is not quite to our taste. After all it is but a caricature of the plain blunt reality. Still Webster is Webster, and it is impossible not to catch a certain amount of the cheerful satisfaction which beams from the faces of the cottagers, young and old. How irresistible such a sight must be to the lady-patroness of the Sunday-school, to the serious and benevolent brewer, may be easily understood.

Mr. Elmore's diploma picture, "from the Two Gentlemen of Verona" (120), is next to this, and is, we imagine, a trifle better than diploma pictures generally are. The fore-shortened figure of the Duke is cleverly painted. He looks up askance at the flirtation going on behind his chair. As an illustration of Shakspeare, however, it is naught; not so bad, however, as Mr. Poole's "Scene in King Lear" (310). What is to be said when a painter who has established a name and earned popularity, gives himself up to such careless work as this? Mr. Dobson has a painting of "Hagar and Ishmael" (446), careful and correct, yet with that motionless, statueque heaviness which he never can avoid. The actors in the drama appear stock-still. On the whole we are more captivated by the little study (415) "The Holy Innocents," a group of pretty children's faces, which Mr. Dobson paints *con amore*.

Mr. Solomon comes out strong in caricature with "Madame Blaise" (454), that anomalous heroine of Goldsmith's, who "never slumbered in her pew, but when she shut her eyes." His "Lion in love" (558) is still broader; as we have a hero of the present day, whom we may, perhaps, meet one afternoon in Pall Mall, caught in the toils of a spinster, and exhibiting the most ludicrous sense of his position. Mr. T. Leighton's scene from "Romeo and Juliet" (598) is placed too high for us to form a very definite opinion of its merits. It is certainly out of the common track, as well in design as in execution. It is rather theatrical than real; but as a theatrical group it appears well imagined, the physiognomies of the actors strongly marked, the light skilfully thrown on to increase the effect. This picture gives one the impression of much concealed power, which has not yet found its proper field of exercise. The illustration of a ballad of Goethe (501), by the same artist, also exhibits power, but not happily employed. "The Good Samaritan" (525), by A. B. Wyon, is simple enough in composition, but seems painted with great fidelity, and is altogether an impressive work. We use the word "seems," because this picture is one of those which is placed so as to be difficult of inspection, and which yet appears to have every claim to a conspicuous position. A painting, entitled "Rest" (608), by M. S. Stone, of an old knight resting from his labours

beneath a tree, up which he had probably climbed when a boy, is full of feeling. Two children offer him flowers. Their figures appear a little out of proportion. The sentiment is, however, charmingly expressed.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

THE council of the Royal Institute of British Architects have treated the Downing-street authorities to a little plain speaking on the subject of public competitions, which, in the opinion of the council, have lately been attended by "results anything but satisfactory to the competitors, or honourable to those from whom the invitation to compete proceeded." The council declares that it feels it to be its duty, both to the profession and the public, to take up this subject of competitions, and appeals to all who are connected with or interested in the profession to support its views. The first case selected for remark is the competition for public barracks; with reference to which it is asserted that, although a specific condition was inserted in the official instructions, to the effect that the successful competitors should be employed to carry out their designs, new barracks have been erected, and considerable works executed, without the successful competitors having been employed. With reference to the competition, it is also stated that the Government reserved the right of retaining all the designs, whether they obtained a premium or not; whereas the whole of the prizes did not amount to one-twentieth part of the money-value of the drawings. With reference to the competition for the public offices, the report states that, from a correspondence recently published, the character of which, on the part of the Treasury, the council forbears to designate, it appears that Government, *regardless of the conditions implied in their instructions*, seek to fall back upon a design prepared some years ago by their official architect. Commenting upon this conduct, the council declares that it "cannot think that high-minded men—the representatives of national honour—can so far forget what is due to good faith as to neglect to fulfil the conditions promulgated upon public authority." Should this, however (they add), prove possible, "it will be for the profession, by a unanimous concurrence, to decide never to respond to similar invitations." The council further complains that professional architects are not adequately represented on the tribunals of selection. Finally, they observe upon an objection which has been made, that the high artistic qualities of the designs sent in for Government offices is objectionable, that that is a reproach which they will proudly endure rather than disclaim. With the spirit of this report everybody who wishes to see the fine arts take a proper status will fully concur. The whole system of competition is bad, and in architecture more especially so; because the articles sent in are necessarily not specimens of what architects can do in their own particular art, but water-colour hints of that which they believe it possible to realise. In addition, therefore, to the infamous and underhand jobbing of these competitions, these exhibitions of architectural drawings are not fair tests of architectural merit. A petition to the House of Lords praying an amendment of the Law of Artistic Copyright, already signed by Sir Charles Eastlake, P.R.A., is now lying for signature at the house of the Society of Arts in the Adelphi for the next few days. All persons interested in the subject should lose no time in signing it. —Mr. Morris Moore has addressed a letter to the daily papers respecting the Pisani Paul Veronese, lately purchased for the nation at a total cost (as he shows) of 14,650*l*. Of this picture, Mr. Moore says: "I had always considered it as one of his (Veronese's) coarsest, most common-place, and worst-coloured performances, and I have never heard a connoisseur judge of it otherwise. Recent inspection amply confirms my original opinion, and this without reservation for the half-scrubbed-out and vamped-up 'Adoration of the Magi,' spurned by all Venice during three years at 370*l*., and purchased by Sir C. Eastlake and his Bavarian mentor for 2000*l*. Indeed, the head of the St. Joseph in this picture is superior to any portion of the 14,650*l* acquisition. The doubt which many entertain of the latter's being entirely by the hand of Paul Veronese is entitled to consideration. . . . The removal of this flaring tapestry from the gallery would be a gain to art; unless, indeed, it be meant to illustrate how low the Venetian school was sunk at the date of its manufacture. But 14,650*l*. is a bold sum for so circuitous a mode of promoting taste. There is yet (continues Mr. Moore) a topic for me to notice. Whenever the apologists and the counterfeit assailants of Sir C. Eastlake and Herr Mündler have finished their fencing, they settle all differences by uniting in a pean over the purchase of the 'Melhi Perugino,' once in the Cestoso, near Pavia. Now this picture was bought on the authority and by the recommendation of Signor Alessandro Brison, of Milan, a man well known there as professionally connected with art. Herr Mündler repaid the obligation by treating with Duke Melzi, the proprietor, behind Signor Brison's back, and thus tricked the latter out of a rightful commission. This is notorious to all Milan, and Signor Brison confirmed it to me last summer with his own lips. He informed me also that, had the picture been purchased through his agency, there might

have been a saving of 20,000 francs." —The *Illustrated London News* says:—"The present Royal Academy Exhibition has proved the most unfruitful of works for the engraver of any exhibition for many years. Print publishers complain that they cannot expend the money they are willing to expend on engraving. Mr. Noel Paton's pictures, clever as they are, we are told are too painful. Mr. O'Neill's 'Eastward, Ho!' will, however, pass from the walls of the Academy into the engraver's hands. Mr. Frith's fine picture of 'The Derby Day' has been intrusted to a foreign line engraver—Blanchard, who has guaranteed to complete it within six years—a brief period, considering the mass of figures, the marvellous expression, and the quantity of detail. Sir Edwin Landseer's 'Maid and the Magpie' is to obtain a European celebrity from the graver of Samuel Cousins. Tom Landseer is to engrave his brother's 'Browsing;' nor could the picture be in better hands. Solomon's 'Lion in Love' Mr. Simmons has undertaken to transfer to steel and paper. Mr. Tomkins is determined to render full justice to Le Jeune's 'Infant Timothy.' Mr. Stapoole is equally resolute with respect to 'The Welcome' of Mr. Faed; and Mr. Sinclair is prepared to translate Mr. Frank Grant's portrait of Colonel Percy Herbert. —There is a pleasant rumour that the celebrated collection of the Marquis Campana is on the eve of coming to England. The collection comprises objects of art of every age of excellence. It is particularly rich in Etruscan gold ornaments and sculpture. An early copy of the catalogue—and it is an extensive one—we had the pleasure of seeing the other day in the hands of Mr. Phillips, the eminent jeweller in Cockspur-street, where others, indeed, may see it. Of course the collection will be publicly exhibited. —On Friday week last Her Majesty and the Prince Consort inspected the equestrian statue of the late Viscount Hardinge, which is temporarily placed in the court-yard of Burlington House—its final resting-place, Calcutta. The statue, which was subscribed for by the inhabitants of British India of various races and creeds, is made of the finest bronze, and stands fourteen feet in height, and weighs four tons. It was modelled by Mr. W. Foley, R.A., to whom Her Majesty expressed herself much pleased with the fidelity of the likeness and beauty of the work. The work is now open to the inspection of the public. —Behnes, the sculptor, has been instructed by the City Lands Committee of the Corporation, to prepare a bust in marble of Alderman Salomons, to be placed in the City of London School, as a memento of the liberal scholarships he has added to that excellent foundation. The order for the bust was recently granted by the unanimous vote of the Corporation "in Common Council assembled." —The *Athenaeum* says:—"Since our last notice of the National Portrait Gallery the trustees have made several important acquisitions. Miss Burdett Coutts has presented a fine portrait of her father Sir Francis Burdett, by Phillips. The Hon. Mrs. Talbot has also given one of her ancestor the Lord Chancellor Talbot, whose life is told by Lord Campbell in his 'Lives of the Chancellors.' An admirable portrait of Nollekins the sculptor, leaning on a bust of Fox, painted by Abbott, and full of truth and animation, was presented by the Hon. H. Labouchere. Their purchases include a good portrait of Sir Ralph Winwood, an old and genuine picture on panel of Cardinal Wolsey, a faded but thoroughly authentic seated figure of William Pulteney, Earl of Bath, in his robes, formerly in Lord Northwick's possession, and well known by the mezzotint engraving by M^r. Ardell. A large and spirited picture by Sir Peter Lely of Nell Gwynne, which, together with the fine portrait of Ireton, by Walker, show that the administrators are not fettered by any exclusive or narrow principles, and a very vivid portrait of Lord Clive, attributed to Dance, which affords an important illustration of one of the most marked characters of the last century. Mr. Windham, a life-sized black-coloured study of a head, emanating from the painting-room of Sir Thomas Lawrence, does not show to advantage between the other two specimens of the same artist's powers (the one of his earliest, and the other of his latest time), which we have already noticed in the Gallery. The last portrait, and the latest in point of date, is a bust portrait of Theodore Hook, painted with great care, and, as it seems to those who knew him, with perfect resemblance, by Eddis, at the commencement of his career. We hear with much satisfaction, that the trustees have determined, as soon as the pictures collected are sufficiently numerous, to clearly demonstrate the views and principles which guide their proceedings, to throw the rooms open to the public on certain days, at least, and for admission by tickets which will be easily procurable." —Several pictures have been added to the French Gallery, Pall-mall, since our notice of its contents. Gerome's 'Duel after the Bal Masque,' exhibited for a few days last season, has returned under the title of 'Comedy and Tragedy.' Two by Gallais—"The Count d'Egmont preparing for Execution," and "The Last Request," or the "Vendetta," are much admired. "The Sick Child," by Brion; five by Madame Jerichau, entitled "The Danish Family reading the Scriptures," "Norwegian Girl going to Church," "Girl pinning her Shawl," "Danish Pea-

sant Child," and a "Beggar Family;" two landscapes, by Lambinet, one of "Burnham Beeches, the Upper Pool," as a companion to the "Lower Pool," and "The Brook near Ecouen," and a charming picture by Edouard Frere, called "The Lesson on the Drum," make up the additional attractions to the collection. —Marson, of Regent-street, has introduced a new use for photography, viz., its application to visiting cards. He advertises cards with the portraits of their owners upon them. This is novel enough, and as such may possibly be popular for a time. —Harry Hall, of Newmarket, has been engaged to paint Beadsman for Sir Joseph Hawley, and Messrs. Fores, the celebrated sporting publishers, have been commissioned to photograph the winners of both the Derby and Two Thousand for their owner. —On the 15th ult. a choice collection belonging to Joseph Sanders, Esq., of Taplow-house, was sold by Messrs. Christie and Manson. The following were among the principal items:—"The Dram," Morland, 48 gs.; "A Classical Landscape," Poelenberg, 65 gs.; "A Landscape," Wynants and Lingelbach, 44 gs.; "The Return of the Holy Family from Egypt," K. Du Jardin (from the collection of Count Pourtales), 63 gs.; "A Romantic View in Calabria," Salvator Rosa, 58 gs.; "A Classical Landscape," Berghem, 210 gs.; "Landscape," Moncheron and A. Van de Velde, 87 gs.; "The Birth of Adonis," Albano, 81 gs.; "A Landscape," Cuypp, 30 gs.; "An Italian Landscape, Zuccharelli, 35 gs.; "An Italian Scene," Both, 110 gs.; "A Grand View of Maecenas' Villa," Wilson, 48 gs.; "An upright Landscape View in Norway," Ruysdael, 215 gs.; "A Landscape," A. Van de Velde, 330 gs.; "Portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds," by himself, 270 gs., secured for the National Portrait Gallery; "Christ Healing the Widow's Daughter," Schiavone, 74 gs.; "The Magdalen," Titian, 500 gs.; "Portrait of Bramante," Giulio Romano, 50 gs.; "A Grand Landscape," Ruysdael, 250 gs. This collection of forty-five pictures realised 3156*l*. Afterwards were sold Col. Baillie's collection of Italian, Spanish, Dutch, and English masters: "Head of a Norman Peasant Girl," Newton, R.A., 110 gs.; "St. Paul," "St. James," "Archimedes," and "A Philosopher," Ribera, 142 gs.; "Interior of an Apartment," Netscher, 154 gs.; "Portraits of the Archduchess Jeanne of Austria and Jeanne D'Arche, of the House of Egmont," Sir Anthony More, 265 gs.; "Head of Christ," Rembrandt, 61 gs.; "A Woody Landscape," Gainsborough, 210 gs.; "An Italian Lake Scene," Wilson, 365 gs.; "Portraits of Don Balthazar, Infanta of Spain, and of Queen Mariana of Spain," Velasquez, 415 gs.; "The Duc d'Olivarez," by the same, 570 gs.; "Philip IV. of Spain," and "The Cardinal Infanta Don Fernando," by the same, 145 gs. and 455 gs.; "Hagar and Ishmael," F. Mola, 200 gs.; "A Grand Sea Piece," Backhuysen, 400 gs.; "Noli me Tangere," Tintoretto, 135 gs.; "Portrait of Don Diego Ortez de Zuniga," Murillo, 185 gs.; "Landscape," Cuypp, 560 gs.; "The Daughter of Herodias," C. Dolce, 95 gs.; "An Italian Landscape," Fynacker, 445*l*.; "A Romantic Landscape," Ruysdael, with group by Philip Wouvermans, 1120*l*.; "Job in his Misery," Salvator Rosa, 230 gs.; "The Virgin and Child," Murillo, 1500 gs. Some of these pictures formed part of the Manchester collection. The collection realised 8256*l*. —On the 20th ult. a valuable collection of pictures, belonging to the well-known amateur, John Miller, Esq., of Liverpool, was disposed of by Messrs. Christie and Manson. The sale excited considerable interest, from the fact that many of the pictures disposed of were by the leaders of the pre-Raphaelite School. The following were some of the principal lots sold, with prices realised:—"The Blind Girl," by Millais, 315*l*.; "Burd Helen," Windus, 262*l*. 10*s*.; "Beech Trees and Fern," Anthony, 315*l*.; "Autumn Leaves," Millais, 577*l*. 10*s*.; "The Dove of Sheep," J. Linnell, 273*l*.; "The Kingfisher's Haunt," a study in Wimbledon-park, by Millais, 73*l*. 10*s*.

A young sculptor named Pickery has presented to the municipality of Bruges a statue of the painter Memling, for erection in the market-place. It is the work of the donor himself. —The Cologne subscription for a monument to Frederick-William III. amounts to 132,000 thalers (upwards of 19,000*l*). The artist to whom the execution of the work is to be intrusted has not yet been named. —At the sale of the picture gallery of the late W. Hope, Esq., at Paris, the following choice pictures were disposed of:—"A Landscape," by Claude, 880*l*.; "Windmill," Hobbema, 1720*l*.; "Departure from an Inn," Wouvermans, 600*l*.; "Pastures," Paul Potter, 804*l*.; "Holy Family," Rubens, 1684*l*.; "Portrait," Gerard Douw, 57*l*.; "Servant in Love," Van Dyck, 88*l*.; "Man putting on a Shirt," Teniers, 860*l*.; "Horse," Paul Potter, 280*l*.; "Young Woman," Greuze, 224*l*. —The *Builder* says:—"The city of Rome has been enriched with two very fine tombs, that of the sculptor Carlo Pinelli, executed under the direction of Rinaldo Rinaldi, and that of Cardinal Angelo Mai, executed by Benzon. —Kaulbach has recently completed the cartoon of a large wall-painting which he intends to present to the National Germanique Museum, and which represents the Opening of Charlemagne's Tomb, at Aix-la-Chapelle, by Otto the Great. —The erection of a monumental fountain at the entrance of the Bois de Boulogne is under dis-

cussion. It would face L'Avenue de l'Impératrice, and be of colossal proportions.—The current number of the *Journal Belge de l'Architecture* contains an engraving of the design by Mr. Durham for a memorial of the Great Exhibition, which was selected by the committee as the best.—The 33rd Annual Exhibition of the National Academy of Design at New York, now open, comprises 636 works, the largest number yet collected by the Academy. It includes 250 landscapes and 100 figure subjects.—The American Institute of Architects has been holding meetings. The *Crayon* prints a paper "On Style," read at the Institute by Mr. Leopold Eidlitz. The writer ends by stating—1st, that a critical examination of the architectural monuments of the world, and their classification by others, may lead us to a selection of the best and purest, for the establishment of a school of architecture as a basis for future action; that the establishment of a school of architecture is imperative, if the American Institute is to make a mark in architectural progress; 2nd, that a series of papers, embodying such critical examinations, in connection with another series on aesthetics and consequent debates upon these papers, may lead to the establishment of an acknowledged school of architecture."

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

The following is an outline of the intended performances at the Birmingham Triennial Festival in Sept. next as definitively fixed by the committee of management:—On Tuesday morning, the 31st of August, "Elijah;" Wednesday morning, the 1st of September, "Eli;" Thursday morning, the 2nd of September, "Messiah;" Friday morning, the 3rd of September, "Judith, a new oratorio by Henry Leslie; Mendelssohn's "Lauda Zion," and Beethoven's service in C. The three evening concerts will comprise "Acis and Galatea," with additional accompaniments by Costa; a cantata "To the Sons of Art," by Mendelssohn; and, subject to her Majesty's gracious permission, the serenata composed by Costa for the occasion of the marriage of the Princess of Prussia. According to custom, the festival will be brought to a close on the evening of Friday by a ball in the Town Hall. It is now rumoured that Madame Ristori will come over this season. Her engagement with Mr. Gye is said to have been for three consecutive seasons, and she insists upon its literal fulfilment. We cannot help thinking that if the great tragedienne were well advised, she would waive the letter of her agreement, and be content to postpone her visit another year. Could she but form the slightest conception as to the unfinished state of Covent-garden Theatre, the confusion of everything there, and the improbability that she will have proper scenes, &c., provided for her representations, she would only be too glad to wait until she has a chance of appearing in a manner worthy of her transcendent talents.—The Paris correspondent of the *Morning Post* says, that Madame Ristori has appeared in *Phédre*. A Parisian journal exclaims:—"Encore un nouveau succès! encore une nouvelle couronne à placer sur le front de Mme. Ristori! Cette fois, c'est *Phédre*, c'est-à-dire l'amour effréné, la passion, l'insouvenance, la vengeance fatale personnifiées dans une femme." We do not agree with the critic in declaring Ristori's *Phédre* a success. This tragedy does not suit her genius. She is a picturesque actress; she does not understand passion as carved in stone according to the rules of the Greeks; she reads nature as the greatest masters of the drama read nature who belong to the Shaksperian world.—The Queen of Holland having been requested to name a programme for an entertainment at the Grand Opera, on the occasion of her Majesty's visit, selected the "Corsaire," one of the most successful ballets ever produced. The Emperor, Empress, the Queen of Holland, and the Prince of Wurtemberg occupied the imperial box. Prince Jerome was also present, together with the most distinguished personages of the fashionable world. Rosati, who is about leaving for London, was most enthusiastically applauded in this, perhaps her most successful, rôle. Mlle. Ferraris also danced, but only in an episode of the ballet.—The hotel of Mlle Rachel, in the Rue Trudon, Paris, was sold on Thursday week by public auction. The upset price was 120,000fr., and the sum for which it was adjudged was 220,000fr. (8800l.), exclusive of costs.—"M. Scribe, the dramatist," says the *Sport*, "is getting a charming hotel fitted up in the Rue Pigale, and is having it decorated with great elegance. In his study are five panels, on which are pictures representing a sort of history of his life. The first shows an old shop in the Rue de la Cordonnerie, with the inscription above the door, 'Scribe, Cloth Dealer.' It was the place of business of his father; and leaving it is the whole of the Scribe family, with a nurse carrying a child in her arms—that child being the dramatist—to church to be baptised. The second panel represents 'The entrance of the Gymnase Théâtre,' which was the house in which M. Scribe achieved his celebrity. The third is called 'Happy Days,' and represents his country house at Sericourt, with a boat floating on a calm lake. The fourth is called 'Honours,' and shows

the portal of the Palais Mazarin, the seat of the French Academy, to whom M. Scribe belongs; and the last, entitled 'Repose,' represents a comfortable brougham going quietly along the streets of Paris, with the dramatist reclining aside."—It seems uncertain where Signor Tamberlik will conclude an engagement for this season. To the report that he will proceed to St. Petersburg forthwith, succeeds another that he will engage to sing at the Grand Opera of Paris eight times a month for three months, at a salary of 2400l.—There has been a report in the newspapers that Auriol, the celebrated clown, is dead. This, however, has been contradicted, and it certainly is not the first time that this modern Yorick has been killed by the papers.—Ronconi was to leave New York on the 19th inst.—Balle's opera "La Zingara" has been produced with great success at Oporto.

LITERARY NEWS.

LORD WROTTESELEY having announced his intention of withdrawing from the Presidentship of the Royal Society, the Fellows will be under the necessity of selecting some one to succeed him, and, rumour says, that the duty is rather puzzling to them. Commenting upon the dilemma, the *Building News*, in an article headed "The Royal Society in Trouble," observes:—"We regret to say that at the next anniversary of the Royal Society the Council will be driven to the expedient of electing some lord or royal duke, as Lord Wrottesley has expressed his intention of resigning. What they will do it is hard to tell, as they must choose a lord, or it would not be respectable. The Institution of Civil Engineers, the College of Surgeons, the Royal Academy, the College of Physicians, and many learned bodies, choose distinguished members of their own to the presidency; and so did the Royal Society some years ago, till they abandoned this custom, and, instead of choosing men who are ancestors themselves, took to choosing the "tenth transmitter of a foolish face," and have thereby gained the distinction of having for their presidents the Duke of Sussex, Lords Northampton, Ross, and Wrottesley, which shows that science is respectable in this country. The tuft-hunters at the Royal Institute of British Architects, who are ashamed of having an architect at their head, might spare the Earl De Grey, or there is his Royal Highness Prince Albert available, who is President of the Society of Arts, of the Horticultural Society, of the Royal Botanic Society, and of some other learned bodies, and whose presidency would have this advantage to the council, that he would not attend to the business and would leave everything in the hands of a clique. Then there are His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the Marquis of Clanricarde, and several estimable peers. It is true there are Professor Owen and Professor Faraday, and that it would be a great honour to the society to have either as president; and there would be several great advantages in such a choice, more particularly in the case of Faraday, because, from religious scruples, he cannot hold the income required to discharge the hospitable duties of the station, so that the society would be obliged to do as the Royal Academy do—place a small stipend at the disposal of the president for defraying the necessary expenses. This done, there will be no longer a plea for lords, who can afford to give two or three dinners for the council, and give tea, coffee, and cakes twice or thrice a year to the fellows. Above all these would be the glorious fact that Faraday, the bookbinder's apprentice, had worked his way to the headship of one of the first scientific bodies in the world."—Mr Faraday has declined the Chemical Chair at Edinburgh, for the simple reason that he cannot be spared from London. Dr. Lyon Playfair and Dr. Thomas Anderson are now the candidates for a seat once filled by Davy and Dalton. Of these the former seems to be the favourite; but we do not well see how either the Prince Consort or Marlborough-house can do without him.—It is announced in the *Illustrated London News* that "the Duke of Devonshire has continued Mr. John Payne Collier in his honourable and most ill-paid office of librarian at Devonshire-house."—The supporters of the Pure Literature Society assembled at Willis's Rooms, on Tuesday evening, at the annual conversazione. The majority of the company were ladies. Lord Shaftesbury occupied the chair, whilst gentlemen who have interested themselves in the diffusion of pure literature among the people described the objects of the society, and stated its progress and results. The suppression of noxious publications, as well as the circulation of those that have a beneficial tendency, has been one of the chief objects aimed at, and it has been in a great measure attained, not by prosecution nor by warning, but by substituting for them works of a better class, cheaper, and equally entertaining. It was stated that during the three years the Pure Literature Society has been in operation, a most decided improvement has taken place in the class of cheap literature, so much so, that the worst of the

bad are far less objectionable, whilst the better class has been greatly improved. A catalogue of upwards of 1000 volumes has been published, from which libraries for working men's associations, and other institutions, may be selected. The society is also in connection with book-hawking associations, and in many instances grants of periodicals are made. The publications recommended include those suited for all ages and conditions. Subscribers are supplied at half-price, and libraries are sent out, fitted up in a suitable case, making a valuable present to a small reading association. The progress of the society has been very rapid. In the first year of its operations the subscribed funds were only 50l.; in the second year they amounted to 270l.; and last year to nearly 900l. Numerous specimens of the periodicals, prints, and books, recommended by the society were displayed on tables.—Dr. Bernard (resolved to make the best use of his temporary popularity) has turned lecturer. His subject is "The present state of France politically considered."—It is stated that Government has intimated to the friends of Mr. Thomas Alsopp, that his case is so nearly identical with Bernard's, that all intention of prosecuting him has been abandoned.—According to a newspaper paragraph, the total cost of printing the four volumes of the report of the evidence taken by the Commissioners of Inquiry into Endowed Schools in Ireland amounted to 5,201l., and the weight of paper used in printing them was actually 34 tons. 2500 copies were delivered to the commissioners for gratuitous distribution by the late Lord-Lieutenant. A Treasury minute of the 10th May inst. lays down certain rules for a more effectual check on this branch of the public expenditure, the necessity for doing so being rendered more apparent than ever by the above act of extravagance.—The great catalogue of the British Museum Library, now in progress, has just received the important addition of two more letters, G and H, the former consisting of eighty-eight, the latter of thirty-seven folio volumes.—In the *Illustrated London News* we find:—"This mention of the Duke of Portland reminds us of a pleasant rumour, which we should be glad to have confirmed. His Grace, it is said, has sent his celebrated collection of miniatures to Mr. Cunningham, with a request that he would arrange them for future exhibition at Welbeck. Mr. Cunningham, it is said, has undertaken this labour of love, and will, we believe, when his health is better, compile a catalogue of the collection for his Grace's use." Considering that the writer of this is generally supposed to be "Mr. Cunningham" himself, we may safely pronounce this to be "upon the best authority."

Lord Brougham has been reading a paper "On the Cells of Bees" before the Academy of Sciences, at Paris. His lordship was heartily welcomed, and his paper loudly applauded.—The suit which has been pending in the French courts between the Duc d'Aumale and the preserver of some MSS. collected by the late Louis Philippe, has terminated by a decision that they must be considered the property of the late king, and given up to his family accordingly.—The Paris correspondents tell us that M. Fould has written to the managers of the theatre complaining of the *argot* (slang) used in the modern dramas. Now, as in French society every grade has its *argot*, and an experienced Parisian can tell a man's status from his slang, we should like to know to what particular *argot* the minister objects, *argot de cuisine*, *argot de Bourse*, *argot de salon*, or *argot des Tuileries*?—The *Presse* devotes five columns to a sketch of public education in England, and reveals sundry facts not hitherto familiar to Englishmen. Thus, it states that a nobleman, on entering his name at one of the Universities, pays an entrance fee of 12,000fr.; that in the public schools a youth of noble birth would never consent to fag for a commoner; and, descending the social ladder, that the lads who frequent the ragged-schools are in the habit of stealing inkstands, candlesticks, and everything they can find in the school-room, and sometimes wind up the proceedings by breaking up the furniture and thrashing the pedagogue; the elder lads, moreover, often enter the school-room in a drunken condition.—The Lamar-tine subscription, published in the *Constitutionnel*, gives 29,539fr. as the amount of the new list of subscriptions, and 7082fr. as the sum received at its office between the 8th and 30th of April. The whole amount announced by the secretary, M. Louis Ulbach, is already about 200,000fr., which is daily augmenting.—The French have at length adopted the word which, after a long lexicographical struggle, has now definitively taken its place in the English language—telegram. The *Presse* publishes a *telegramme* from Lisbon, giving the programme of the five days' fêtes which are to celebrate the arrival of the Queen of Portugal in her husband's dominions.—At the Augsburg book sale some valuable old books were sold, viz.: A copy of the Bible of Gutenberg and Faust (for the Royal Library of St. Petersburg), 233l.; a Dante (1480), 23l.; the Cancunero di Fern. Catholicon (1527), 53l.; "Gutenberg Catholicon," on paper, 67l., and the same on parchment, 441l. The duplicates from the Royal Library, Munich, were sold at this sale, at which a large number of English buyers were in attendance.—The "Booksellers and Publishers' Union" have held a meeting at Leipzig,

at which they resolved to erect a paper-mill at their own cost, to avoid what they call the extortion of the paper-makers.—At a sale of old books lately held at Ghent, very high prices were realised. The 2655 lots fetched altogether 7600*l*.—Dr. Weil's "History of the Caliphs" is announced shortly to appear at Gotha.—From the *Toronto Globe*, it appears, the reception given by the Canadians to Dr. Charles Mackay has been cordial in the extreme. At Montreal, after his lecture on "Poetry and Songs," which was attended by upwards of 1600 persons, he was entertained at a public supper at Donegana Hotel. The band of the 73rd Regiment, under the leadership of Mr. Prince, was in attendance during the evening, and honoured the poet with a serenade, appropriately playing some of his own melodies. At Toronto his reception was equally flattering; also at Hamilton and at London, where the corporation granted the use of the City Hall for the occasion, and a public supper was organised. Dr. Mackay is now on his way back to England.—Mr. N. P. Willis, the American author, has lately had a severe accident, arising from a fall from his horse, which took fright and threw him, dragging him some distance with his right foot entangled in the stirrup. He was badly bruised, but no bones broken, and is expected soon to recover.—The *Boston Journal* mentions a new prodigy in the person of a boy preacher. He is about 15 years of age. His name is Cranmond Kennedy, a Baptist. He is a convert in the late revival, has been licensed to preach, and is attracting crowds to hear him. His style is vehement; he speaks wholly extemporaneously; and his system of theology (so says the *Boston Journal*) seems to be mature and after the school of the sounder and more conservative schools of the day.

THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA-HOUSE, COVENT-GARDEN.

WHEN the unforeseen calamity occurred which deprived London of the Covent-garden Theatre of the Kembles, whilst we heartily condoled—none more sincerely—with Mr. Gye for the misfortune which had fallen upon him, we pointed out some room for consolation in the fact that an opportunity was afforded for building a theatre which should so far surpass all the other dramatic temples of the world, as some of them have hitherto undoubtedly surpassed our own. It seemed a reproach to this nation that a metropolis like London, the chief city of the wealthiest people on the globe, should be surpassed in that respect by Madrid, Milan, Moscow, and even by Rio and Havana. Yet now that the *débris* has been cleared away from the site, and a new fabric has been reared with a celerity which has justly been pronounced to be marvellous, we have nothing to do but to mourn over a great opportunity miserably wasted. For the new Covent-garden Theatre, instead of surpassing all the theatres in the world, is, in many respects, greatly inferior to its predecessor; and where we looked for proof that England could produce something grand and noble in an architectural point of view, we have to content ourselves with the paltry brag that we can lay bricks and smear stucco faster than any other nation in the world. If the truth must be spoken, the new theatre may be a triumph indeed of the bricklayer, but in no respect of the architect.

The most melancholy consideration connected with this unpalatable truth is the utter needlessness of such haste. Much credit is given to Mr. Gye, by the unthinking, for the punctuality with which he has kept his promise to open the theatre by the 15th of May. Who asked him to make such a promise? Who even thought it necessary for the welfare of the nation, or even for the success of the London season, that he should open at all in the year 1858? The public, the subscribers, would have been better pleased to wait awhile and enjoy a better theatre. For, although the new house has been run up with fairy-like spontaneity, it has many disadvantages when compared with the fabrics of the Djins. The dampness of its plaster for instance; the occasional absence of a skirting-board. Before we can regard such work as absolutely fairy-like, we must be gifted with a fairy-like immunity from catarrh.

After all the boasted improvement in our architectural taste, it is some disappointment to find the exterior of the new theatre present nothing more ornate than a plain and nearly rectangular building, with a portico and covered carriage-way added. The absence of anything like ornamental carving in a great part of the outer surface, and the poverty of such as we find there—excepting always the reliefs saved from the late fire, and the new masks studied from the Townley marbles—is all the more remarkable when we remember the elaborately ornate surfaces of the Legislative Palace at Westminster, and think, with a sigh of envy, upon the beautiful capitals, pilasters, architraves, and pediments of the new buildings of the Louvre. This simplicity—which has now become the cant word for poverty—might, however, have been pardoned, if some compensation had been made by the richness and taste of the interior of decorations.

This, however, is not the case. In every part of

the building simplicity has been the *mot d'ordre*. It is whispered that when the Prince Consort designed the bracelets which were to be presented to the bridesmaids at his daughter's marriage, the courtiers could find nothing to praise them for but "their chaste simplicity;"—but the bridesmaids said they thought them shabby. Now this is precisely the case with the new Opera-house, only there is not the same reason for withholding a little plain speaking. In the first place, let us examine the "outer offices" of the theatre—the entrance-hall, staircase, and crush-room—upon which, in the great theatres of the Continent, much of the architect's decorative art is expended. Here let us turn to the official description so "obligingly" furnished to the public press direct from the architect's office, and at the receipt of which some of our brethren profess to be so deeply grateful,—as if it would not have been infinitely better to judge independently for themselves rather than take the architect's own account of his work. Examining this, we find that the entrance-hall is a magnificent apartment, "60 feet by 25 feet, which is beautifully paved with Maw's encaustic tiles, in geometric patterns in colours." The "grand staircase" is described as "of noble proportions," which, with the "spacious crush-room," are "plastered to a certain height with Parian or Portland cement, except those specially devoted to the use of her Majesty the Queen, which are covered with Mr. Casentini's patent indurated cement." Now, in the name of common sense, would it be possible to introduce a more insignificant fact in a more magnificent manner? Divesting it of the adjectives, we find that the rooms intended for the public are plastered to a certain height, whilst upon those consecrated to Majesty have been lavished the splendours of Mr. Casentini's patent cement. Remembering that this country can boast of ample wealth of the richest and most beautiful marbles and other ornamental minerals that the strata of this earth can produce—recollecting the infinite beauty and variety of the Derbyshire and Staffordshire alabasters and marbles, the serpentine marbles of Cornwall, the pure white marble of Connemara and Donegal, the green marbles of Galway, and the coloured marbles of Devonshire—we must confess that we are not very deeply impressed with the magnificence of either Maw's encaustic tiles, or even the indurated cement of Mr. Casentini.

It is high time, however, that we passed into the theatre itself, where we are grieved to find the same poverty, the same meanness. White and gold, a little pale blue, decorations of gilt beading, geometrically disposed, and a spectral-looking bas-relief over the proscenium—that is what we are called upon to admire as the highest triumph of decorative art in the middle of the nineteenth century. A great many persons upon first entering the *salle* are naturally dazzled by the freshness and cleanliness of everything around them, and are betrayed into an expression of admiration at the "chaste simplicity." Here we have it again! Chaste simplicity—in other words, absence of ornament. The house is, indeed, *simplex munditiis*—but whether that is a mode of ornament as well calculated for a theatre as for Pyrrha, is a question which we must take leave to answer in the negative. Take the ceiling as an illustration, and examine how little propriety and taste lie behind all this affected simplicity. The centre ornament has been already compared—and it is a comparison which immediately suggests itself—to a gigantic engine-turned watch-case. That is, indeed, what it is most like—a number of concentric arcs crossing each other in a regular pattern. From this not very elaborate design proceed cords of gilt beading, at first single, but afterwards bifurcating from a rosette, until they join a broad border of crochet-work, which runs round the inner rim of the circumference. Now this is really all that the ceiling can boast of: as to which it should be observed that the gilt cords (contrary to all rules of common sense) have no apparent function, real or suggestive—loop up no curtains—sustain no tent, are, indeed, of no use whatever, unless it be to relieve the dull monotony of the blue plaster surface upon which they are displayed. If it were not for the brilliant effect of a very beautiful chandelier which depends from the centre of this ceiling, these devices would be actually ludicrous as attempts at decoration. After examining this ceiling it affords us very scant consolation to learn (from the architect's account) that it has "in the first instance been covered with Messrs. Bielefeld and Co.'s fibrous wood, which is an admirable material for such purpose; and afterwards it was decorated by Messrs. George Jackson and Son with their papier maché mouldings and ornaments."

A great deal has been said about the imposing effect produced by the height of the boxes, according to the new arrangement. That they are much higher than in the old house and even than those in her Majesty's Theatre is undoubtedly true, but that is an effect which, we contend, has been purchased at a sacrifice not only of convenience, but of the majestic appearance of the *salle*. Where the old house, with less space, would accommodate upwards of 2000 persons with ample comfort, the new one only provides room for about 1700. Her Majesty's Theatre will comfortably contain an audience of nearly 4000 persons, and the two houses cannot therefore be put

into comparison for a moment. As far as the relative appearance of the two houses is concerned, those who have visited Mr. Lumley's theatre will remember the splendid effect produced—especially on a drawing-room night—by the pile of six tiers of boxes (or, to speak accurately, four entire tiers, two-thirds of a tier, and half a tier), in which the groups of elegantly-dressed ladies and their cavaliers are framed in, as it were, in frames of appropriate colour and just proportion—a vast collection of living pictures after the manner of Greuze. Well, in lieu of this charming spectacle, Mr. Barry has given us, in the new house, *three tiers and a half* of tall three-quarter or full-length frames, in which the delicate little groups seem quite swallowed up and lost,—all the details of costume, all the accidental gracefulness of combination, being utterly destroyed by the immensity of the void which towers above and stretches behind them. And the only compensation for this is, that the prices of the boxes are raised to a proportionate height with the boxes themselves, and the frequenters are mulcted in a very considerable sum to pay for that which is an absolute disadvantage.

We have many other minor objections against the new house. The curtailment of the pit, in favour of the stalls, proves a scandalous disregard for the convenience of the middle-class public. By way of adding insult to injury, the *habitués* of the pit are condescendingly reminded that very roomy accommodation has been made for them in the amphitheatre and galleries; which is very much like a purse-proud citizen telling his humbler acquaintance that, although he can no longer find room for them in the dining-room, they are very welcome to take pot-luck in the attics.

The only part of the house in which a decided improvement has been made is in the stage. Having no opportunity of forming our own opinion, we are here bound to rely upon the statements of the architect; from which it appears that the accommodation behind the proscenium, and the opportunities for producing grand scenic effects, are of unprecedented excellence. We understand also that a new mode of setting the scenes has been adopted, so that streets and houses will be solidly set up in pieces, instead of being represented upon flats of scenes. The only objection to this is, that it will increase the length of interval between the acts, and thus encroach upon the time hitherto consecrated to ballet.

In dismissing the subject for the present, we may observe that many of the objections which we have thought it necessary to take against the new house are irremediable, but many may be in time, and with better counsels, removed. At the close of the season, when Mr. Gye will have opportunity for revising what has been done, we should recommend him to consider whether a little real marble and alabaster for the halls and staircase, a little fresco-painting for the interior, something more novel than an imitation of white satin drapery and gold fringe for the curtain, an additional tier of boxes, an enlargement of the pit, and a reduction of the prices, would not conduce both to his own advantage and the benefit of the public. But, in the name of all that is artistic, let us have no more of the humbug of *Chaste Simplicity*!

OBITUARY.

D'ORLEANS, Hélène Louise, Duchesse, died at Richmond. The Duchess was the daughter of Frederick Louis, Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg Schwerin, and the granddaughter of Karl August, of Saxe-Weimer, the friend of Goethe. She was born on the 24th of January 1814, and was consequently 44 years of age. She was married at Fontainebleau, to the Duc d'Orléans, the Prince Royal of France, on the 13th July 1837, by whom she had two sons, the Comte de Paris (heir to the French throne by the Orleanist title), born 24th of Aug. 1838, and the Duc de Chartres, born 9th Nov. 1840. The fatal accident which killed the Duke her husband happened on the 13th of July 1842, and the firmness of the Duchess, both on that melancholy occasion, and at the time when, six years later, every other member of her family gave way to fear, excited the admiration even of her enemies. After the death of her husband, the Duchess lived a very retired life, rarely participating in the gaieties of the Court, and when the revolution of 1848 took place, and the cause of her son became hopeless, she retired to Belgium; thence she afterwards came over to this country, and last summer took the villa at Richmond in which she died. Her Royal Highness was buried on Saturday, the 22nd ult., in the mausoleum at Miss Taylor's Chapel, Weybridge, where the body of her father-in-law, Louis Philippe, already lies. The funeral was attended by a large concourse of the French nobility, and by many carriages of the Royal Family and nobility of England. When Louis Napoleon was informed of her death, he is said to have observed that "her family have been indebted to her counsels for having prevented them from committing many absurdities."

Joy, William, Esq., aged 78, of Paternoster-row, at his residence, 33, Fitzroy-square, May 21.

MARCHE, M., Conservator of MSS. in the Burgundian Library, Brussels, died in that city in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

MORIER, Mrs. James, widow of the author of "Hajji Baba," &c. Mrs. Morier died, after a severe illness, at her residence in Charles-street, Berkeley-square. Amongst other families those of Downshire, Conlmerne, Elmsmere, Crewe, and that of Greville, will be placed in mourning by this melancholy event.

ROULTIER, Herr, a celebrated Russian zoologist.

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CONSTITUTION AND CAPITAL.

Liability of the entire body of Shareholders unlimited. All Directors must be Proprietors in the Company. The Capital is 2,000,000*l.*, divided into 100,000 Shares of 20*l.* each, 94,211*l.* of which are in the hands of Proprietors.

1856.	£820,374	Capital Paid-up and Accumulated Funds	1857.	£1,088,018
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BUSINESS.

1856.	Life Insurance.	1857.	1856.	Fire Insurance.	1857.	1856.	Annuities.	1857.
£72,782	... Premiums ...	£110,928	£222,272	... Premiums ...	£289,251	£17,338	... Receipts ...	£26,990

The Income of the Company is £450,000 a year.

February 1858.

SWINTON BOULT, Secretary to the Company.

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Vales.

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1837.
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